

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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the Mafia

Maclean's

MARCH 17, 1980

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THE TOP

Finance Minister
Allan MacEachen

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Editorial

Will our own 'Aristotle' be a prophet without a home?

By Polar Newman

"**M**arshall McLuhan and John Kenneth Galbraith are the two greatest modern Canadians the United States has produced," British socialist Anthony Burgess once wryly observed. That has never been a more sadly appropriate remark than at this moment, when McLuhan, one of our few seminal thinkers, is being threatened with eviction.

What's involved is a decision by the University of Toronto, where he has taught since 1949, to shut down McLuhan's world-renowned Centre for Culture and Technology. Although his reputation has endowed the building with an impressive title, the Centre is actually little more than a converted garage about the size of a modest Victorian stable. It employs a staff of three and its most prominent decoration is McLuhan's throw on from his days at Cambridge. The U of T budgets an annual \$75,000 to house its most illustrious professor, but now it has ordered McLuhan to vacate his premises by June 30, 1980.

McLuhan, who first came to nonacademic prominence in 1959 with his aphorism that "the medium is the message," is currently recovering from a stroke but his Centre has eight research projects under way and continues to sponsor weekly seminars.

His down books, his Schweitzer Fellowship at New York's Fordham University, his countless lectures and

what he likes to describe as his "probes" have turned McLuhan into a contemporary Aristotle. Ironically the province of Ontario declared him a "natural resource." The term "McLuhanism" was recently listed in *The Oxford English Dictionary* and he is almost certainly the only Canadian whose name has been transcribed into that ultimate of accolades by appearing in graffiti—such as McLUSAN READS BOOKS.

The influence of the man's intellectual pyrotechnics was probably best caught in a *Financial Post* article by Alexander Ross: "There was a time when every university in Germany had a free period at 11 in the morning, because that's when Hegel was lecturing at Berlin. McLuhan is that kind of man, in our very own mind. So be proud."

Proud we should be, but the University of Toronto's ruling represents all too well the Canadian syndrome of playing down our few resident geniuses. Typically, most of the pressure to remove McLuhan to his ramshackle Centre is coming from Americans, including Buckminster Fuller, Woody Allen and Tom Wolfe, the tart-tongued New York journalist. It was Wolfe who once ominously inquired: "Suppose McLuhan is what he sounds like, the most important thinker since Newton, Darwin, Freud, Einstein and Pavlov—what if he is right?"

To which Marshall McLuhan, with that Gary Cooper smile which signals most of his salutes, replied: "I'd rather be wrong."



Maclean's

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Shifting scenery on TV's Mount Olympus

By Rita Christopher

At the tall rock tower on Manhattan's Avenue of the Americas, top executives are having sight of relief. The worst has happened and so far the country seems to have survived the shock. The worst, of course, was the announcement that Walter Cronkite, the anchorman who truly owns the hearts and minds of America, will step down next year in favor of Dan Rather. Not only did the announcement of impending change make the front pages, it seeped into every corner from *The New York Times* to *People* magazine. To judge from the reactions of those magazines, Americans will now undergo a period of emotional testing requiring the same kind of national resolve needed to solve the energy crisis and to curb inflation.

Seeking to measure a serious nation which regards Cronkite as only slightly less indispensable than television itself, executives announced that replacements. Rather would, like his predecessor, bear the title of managing editor of the *60 Minutes* Evening News.

In truth, neither Rather's title nor his presence is going to do very much to change the presentation of the nightly news. In television parlance, Rather and even Cronkite are the "talent," talking heads whose charisma—each his own, each his own—serves as a backdrop, resonant vocal chords and an ability to read convincingly from a Tele-Prompter. A small army of writers and editors behind the scenes makes the crucial news judgments that a single newspaper editor usually makes in the chaos of the city news. Cronkite, an old wire-service reporter, has been named in private, "I'm not a newsman anymore. I'm just a personality." (On the highly popular show *60 Minutes*, where Rather now shares anchor duties with three other reporters, the researchers and field producers go over every inch of a story before the star newsmen is brought in to pitch his part. His colleague, Mike Wallace, recently told the producer "You the nice home and you're the trailer.")

Notables for the city news should prove no stumbling block to Rather—a measure of journalistic journalism. No one can deny his hurdle, but network bigwigs were clearly as impressed with the fact that careers percolated him as "hero," an attribute that no one will start for Nelson. On the other hand, Cronkite's longtime crown prince, Roger Mudd, whose blistering interviews of Teddy Kennedy last fall is credited by many people with kicking the senator's campaign before it got started, reportedly lost out on the top job because viewers thought him too "senior"—a trait presumably detrimental to accurate presentation of the news.

Baldy, the focus on personalities obscures far more significant developments in television news. Just into the news breaks the high of the mid-60s, when network evening news expanded from 15 minutes to half an hour, electronic journalism stands ready to break another time barrier, the move from 30 minutes to an hour. Influential NBC news chief Richard Salant states flatly that the hour-long format is inevitable. The first stirrings of such a change are signs as already. ABC has received both journalistic plaudits and surprisingly high ratings for a 15-minute special on the Iranian situation broadcast nightly at 11:30 since



Cronkite (left) and Rather. "I'm not a newsman anymore, just a personality."

But while television chiefs have been debating the quantity of news, there has been relatively little discussion of the quality of expanded coverage. With some notable exceptions, adding time to news shows often consists of cranking out features on plant care, dog grooming and garden for the ultimate bargain hunter. One local New York newscast filled its time with a noted child psychiatrist advocating education of the electoral franchise to 15-year-olds. Whatever its intrinsic merit, the suggestion certainly takes account of the suffragette influence of the American primary newspaper. The networks have no hoped their coverage that it often seems ABC, CBS and NBC are running for election rather than the candidates themselves.

For example, the Iowa caucus vote was totally ignored until a propellered Jimmy Carter into the national spotlight four years ago. This year all three networks sent their anchorpersons to broadcast from hastily assembled "election headquarters" set in the land where the oars grow tall. And last month's New Hampshire primary, where CBS alone had some 350 operations on the scene including, at source, Cronkite, media researchers were as eager to be first with results that they somewhat questionably asked voters leaving the polls how they had voted. As a result, television predicted the Ronald Reagan and Carter victories several hours before any significant results were in.

With more than 30 more primaries and caucuses to go before the national convention this summer, it is unclear whether the anchorpersons will be able to survive the pace long enough to reach the home stretch of the November election. Harvartist Art Buchwald has proposed a novel solution for the newsman problem. Instead of worrying about who will be president, he proposes the media concentrate on a far more dramatic problem—who will be anchorman? Who could resist voting in that case?

Rita Christopher is *Manhattan's* New York bureau chief.

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You only die twice

By James Paquet

When people turn 65, society, with terrible collusion, begins a series of oppressive acts against them. Ageism—age discrimination—is not persons a form as racism. In effect, we are telling our old to shut up, go away and if you don't we will lock you up. This is the old shame—loneliness, depressing fatigue and paralysis of will—which usually begins with forced retirement based on chronological age. Such retirement creates a group of people who become vulnerable to physical and mental abuse.

As a clinician interested in stress, I have observed this group closely—often at first, with detachment. But my objectivity was soon replaced by anger—anger that I am just beginning to understand. Twenty-five per cent of all suicides occur over the age of 65. One out of 10 of all major adverse drug effects occur in the elderly. Three hundred and thirty thousand elderly Canadian women live below the \$5,280 poverty line and this is the group that *Northern Canada* says is most vulnerable to nutrition deficiency. About 80 per cent of these women are overweight because their poverty compels them to eat cheap, starchy foods. Their intake of minerals and vitamins is deficient, especially iron, calcium and vitamin A. The government's monthly \$364.87 pension is inadequate.

Psychiatry (but not all psychiatrists), without even trying to make systemic, treats the problem of enforced retirement by presenting us with a very fragile hypothesis: the disengagement theory. This theory is an attempt to convince us that retirement is a necessary expression of the natural withdrawal of society and the older individual. In *Growing Old: The Process of Disengagement*, Dr. R. Cumming and Dr. W. E. Henry argue that "disengagement" is a realistic acceptance of one's situation, in that the disengaged person does not perform any useful maintenance function. Retirement then becomes society's permission to disengage."

Jean-Paul Sartre built that to be in to do. If that is so, there is a component of rejection inherent in the disengagement theory. Society, by taking away the right "to do," is in effect taking away older people's right "to be." In one abrupt stroke, their work ethic of 50 years has been violated, and worse, the old are made to feel guilty, even anti-social, for not hurrying to make way for the young. Ten per cent of Canada's population is over the age of 65 and while medical research moves to increase man's years in earth, corporate society forces 80,000 men and 20,000 women yearly to move out to pasture. And they are moved without any guarantee of what to expect and there they join two million others like them. The old to retire at age 65 (or even earlier)

has created a new stratum in our society. We now have a band, not of juvenile delinquents, but senescent delinquents. The irony of enforced retirement is that some of the world's greatest leaders, such as Charles de Gaulle, Winston Churchill and Golda Meir, criticized their greatness in the last third of their lives. (As Dr. Helen Selig, the 78-year-old founder and president of the International Stress Institute in Montreal, says about retirement: "It is fine, just as long as it doesn't interfere with your work.")

It would be untrue to say that most retired people are unhappy. For those who do not equate retirement with loss, but as a time when new meaning and new meanings can be developed, it can be a fulfilling experience. These are usually individuals who have been flexible and who have derived pleasures from many sources all their lives. However, for those who are rigid and whose identity has been derived only from their work, retirement is catastrophe. For them, not to adjust is to die. It is unlikely that for these people any job-work activity will ever replace work values. (A retired editor, who has just completed his first year of enforced exile in Florida, says he is now working for Hastydew—"Honey, do you want me to take the garbage out? Honey, do you want me to sweep the lawn?" Another man says that being retired is like standing on a bare rock in total darkness waiting for death.)

In the beginning, the only word was the spoken word. The oral tradition made for an attitude of exaltation and reverence for the old. They were the storage banks of experience and entertainment and because of this, they lived out their lives in the upper strata of the hierarchy. No longer. Emulation has been replaced by expiation, reverence by harsh discrimination.

A former university lecturer in history, who is in her 80th year, told me "They say good judgment is the result of experience. Well, I've had lots of experience—experience that my family seems to have forgotten about. They seem to think that the years don't make wisdom—just old age. They have left me alone to spend my days playing solitaire with my memories."

"My grandchildren would rather watch *Nos Pères* on *The Muppet Show* than hear me talk about our family history. When I begin to speak to my children about the past, they peer at me as if I were about to have a series of small strokes. I believe that the future should be forbidden to us, especially to those of us who have such little future left."

James Paquet, a Toronto physician with a special interest in stress, is co-author of *Stressless or Breakthrough*.



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Tomorrow

The way of the salamander



Our grandchildren may well be able to do something that now only tadpoles, lizards and newts can accomplish with any regularity. They may be able to regenerate lost appendages. That is, should they have an arm or a leg amputated, it will be only a temporary inconvenience—they will simply be able to regrow it. Of course, that sounds fantastic, but remarkable advances are already being made in this direction. Researchers in the field predict with "absolute confidence" that the human regeneration of limbs and even internal organs, like the kidneys or heart, will be commonplace by the end of the century.

One of the most noted authorities is Dr. Robert Bednar, chief of orthopedic surgery at the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Syracuse, New York. "There's a very high probability that with proper medical attention humans will be able to regrow missing parts," he told *Newsweek*. "Right now we're probably equipped with enough knowledge about how a salamander can regrow a missing limb that we will be able to transfer the accomplishment fairly soon to humans. But first, we are working on the prospects of humans regrowing parts of a damaged heart or regrowing a severed spinal cord. With the proper funding and other backing from the medical world there could be very major breakthroughs in the next five years. The trouble is that in the

United States and Canada it can take a very long time for the breakthroughs or new discoveries to work their way down into common practice in the medical system."

The prospect of limb regrowth has been strengthened by some surprising results achieved by surgeons in Britain operating on youngsters who have lost fingertips in accidents. Dr. Cynthia Ellingworth, a consultant with the pediatric accident and emergency department at the Children's Hospital in Sheffield, has documented 235 cases of children whose fingertips have regrown without the aid of drugs or surgery. "If the lost portion of the finger lies above the last joint, we simply dress the wound, binding the injured finger to the healthy ones, until the child's tissues heal, and leave the finger alone," she explained. "In most cases, the fingertips regrow within 11 or 12 weeks—complete with fingernails, total sensation, even the same fingerprint."

Ellingworth has recorded the presence of a naturally produced electrical current coming from the fingertips of children 10 years of age and under. "While we do know the current exists, we still haven't established whether or not it has a direct effect on the rate at which the finger heals," she said. The electrical current is considered significant, by Ellingworth, Becker and others, however. It may be one of the keys to regeneration.

Some related experimentation has been going on in Canada. At Montreal Children's Hospital, doctors have tried to make the bones in animals grow longer by applying electrical currents. The electricity had the effect of making the bones thicker, but not longer. "A good deal more work is needed in this area. We simply don't know enough about it," said one authority familiar with the research.

Some scientists believe that it will only be about 25 years before medical teams can take cells from damaged organs, isolate them in a laboratory and within months grow a new body part that can be implanted in a patient. Many people are not simply because their bodies wear out. If "spare parts" are available, human life may be extended indefinitely.

But those body parts may not be needed, says Dr. James Bonner of the California Institute of Technology. Through genetic engineering (artificial changes scientists cause in the basic makeup of cells), scientists may be able to determine what characteristics a human needs to enjoy long life and implant the genes for those characteristics before birth. The religious, philosophical and ethical considerations of such radical breakthroughs are almost certain to be a major concern in the 21st century, similar to questions raised about maintaining life with machines in this century. **William Loviter**

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25 Hospitable Years

Follow-up

Echoes from the boom heard across the Pacific

Hunting the corridors of the Fishermen's Inn Hotel in the tiny B.C. coastal village of Shuswap one year ago were two broad-shouldered big game. In the room behind them was a suitcase containing \$1 million in cash. The nervous man carrying it was a B.C. fish-company representative and he was using it to buy boat-holds full of silver, sea-smelt herring from B.C. fishermen. The payoff—a thousand-dollar play of golden eggs, or not—as he believed of Japanese gourmands that last year the search for it launched a six-week Wild West herring rodeo that involved 1,500 fishing boats, and pumped almost \$350 million into B.C.'s economy, triple the total of the year before. One B.C. captain made \$16 million from a single, dripping net-load of herring.

Like most bubbles, however, B.C.'s herring rodeo seasons appears to have burst. The fishery, which began again last week, has been hit by the double whammy of depleted fish stocks and a consumer revolt in Japan. Last year's festive bidding war for herring, which



Vancouver herring boats at port (below), and at work: Wild West herring rodeo (above).



now companies literally throwing money at fishermen for their catches, drove prices up to as much as \$5,900 a ton, a tariff that sent the cost of crumbly, processed rice called inemaki spiralling to \$40 a pound for Tokyo housewives. The result is that almost 40 per cent of last year's supply of 7,600 tons of rice is still gathering dust on suppliers' shelves. That collapse is partially responsible for the bankruptcy of the Japanese marine products company Hoshino and Co., one of the largest in that country's corporate history. "It was a typical Japanese business phenomenon," says Jerry Spitz, president of the Fisheries Association of B.C. "They tried to test the consumer's mettle."

Meanwhile in Vancouver, Jack Nichol, president of the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union, says: "It was a prize war created by the big Japanese companies to force the little guys out of the business." Not in Nichol's opinion to buy current moans of the fish companies that last year's losses and market collapse should lower prices to fishermen for herring caught this year. He intends to bargain with the fish companies for \$5,900 a ton for the fish caught by the small gill-net boats, and \$2,100 a ton for those caught by larger seiners. Last year's maximum figures were \$1,200 and \$650 respectively. B.C. fishing companies say there is no market to justify higher prices, and have offered \$900 a ton for gill-net-caught herring and \$210 a ton for seiners. In response, 700 B.C. fishermen, represented by the United Fishermen and Allied Workers Union and the Native Brotherhood of B.C., voted last week to hang up their nets until their prices were met. B.C. fish processors point to January's 4,900-ton herring fishery off San Francisco, where no new Japanese buyers showed up. And the federal department of fisheries has predicted that this year's catch will be 35,000 tons, down eight tons from last year—a reduction due to overfishing in the past, department spokesmen say.

Japanese importers of Canadian herring, which supplies some 57 per cent of the delicacy for the Japanese market, are "shaky nerves," according to Spitz. So is the federal department of fisheries which, in light of the lower catch expected, has restricted the West Coast's 1,300 gill-seiners to one net per boat, instead of the two nets permitted last year.

Clearly, the halcyon days of last winter, when the larger B.C. fishing boats earned an average of \$324,000 each in the rodeo, are gone. "The best thing we can do for the B.C. herring fishery," says Eric Kremer, general manager of the Central Native Fishermen's Co-Op, "is forget 1989 ever happened."

Thomas Hopkins



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Land of patience

By Barbara Arnold

There are Jews everywhere in Cairo. There are Sephardic Jews long exiled from homelands like Lebanon and Morocco who came now to Egypt after exile in America is "redoubled their roots." There are North American Jews like the lady from Dallas with

glasses on a chain around her neck and pink crocheted sweater who is earnestly humoring bewildered Arabs with softball questions like, "What do you think of Mr. Begin?" and "Are you glad the war is over?" There are Israeli travel agents making deals. And here in the bar of Carmel's Sheraton Hotel an Arab girl is giving haircut and manicure to a blonde woman.

snake-bite syndrome is crying about the arrogant Jews. The Tel Aviv businesswoman she was working for in a hair salon has offended her by asking her to spend the night with him and, she claims, firing her for refusing. By the end of the evening she has consumed, close to half a bottle of whiskey and is going home with a dune jacket she has just met. It is a clash of styles, nothing more. Probably the Israeli could have gone to bed with her had he not proposed it as a business deal.

Styles clash all over Egypt, as they have since long before King Farouk and continue to do under President Anwar Sadat. Extremes of poverty and wealth,



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



Styles clash in Cairo's streets: 'moderns' are nothing new under the Egyptian sun.

corruption and ineptness are nothing new under the Egyptian sun, and by now the great prosperity peace will bring under "our beloved leader and hero of the Sinai war," as the posters of Sadat all over Cairo proclaim, is as successful as one of the late President Nasser's five-year plans. The current building boom in Cairo may eventually help the homeless and the tourists. To date it seems mainly to be benefiting Oussan Ahmed Oussan, the ubiquitous contractor who is rebuilding most of Egypt. The mirror point to his blind as minister of reconstruction and housing and the dynastic marriage between his son and one of Sadat's daughters is the reason for all the work he gets. Defenders cry foul. Oussan, they say, got

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good practice building the Ayman High Dam and broader success in Egypt is helped by having a symmetrical name.

The new bridge piled up at the side of Pyramid Road in Giza, a suburb of Cairo, balance precariously on top of one another—bleated, maimed, strewn-and-mangled. Down the road the previous embankment of the Cheops' pyramid contrast with the uneven walls of the newly built terraces. One remembers that the pyramids required not a slave labor force but built to much as a labor inspired by a religious religious fervor and faith. The construction workers in today's Cairo work only to buy marginal

amounts of rice and bread at the subsidized rates.

Still, there is a kind of fever in the city. The changing beat of Cairo's No. 1 hit comes out of a hundred radios in restaurants and bars. "I will survive," sings disco queen Gloria Gaynor, her voice curling around the packed alleys of a city built to accommodate two million and currently estimated to be holding about five times that. "I will survive," she sings to the elegant bejewelled women sitting in the After Eight nightclub with its red-fabric walls, tasselled mirrors, the smoky and frenetic music and the glimmer of mirrors in the

eyes of women all sporting the Jolene Salsal look—their manicured hands holding the bottled water that stands between them and electrical parasites.

This is the new class of government entrepreneurs getting rich on state projects. In the lapidary-stone houses of Cairo's Garden City section, the old class hangs on. Some are power aides. Farouk and—not unexpectedly—continued to power around the throne of Nasser. Outside now at the court of Salsal, they wait. The benevolent situation of Salsal allows them to keep their homes. They still have a shuffling servant or two, bent over, proffering trays of sweetmeats and small cups of thick black coffee. Like most Egyptians, except the new class, they have little money and no foreign exchange. They sit in dark rooms like Cheikh's sisters eating visitors from abroad what is now in Paris or Athens. They speak French proudly and often generously. It is the language of breeding.

In the dense the language is one of silence. In the dirt streets of El Fayyum, a town 62 miles southwest of Cairo, Arab women pick their way around pools of water and stretches of mud balancing dangerously on the platform above they wear to signify their solidarity with Westerners progress. The privileged students at Cairo University may be deeming the veil a trendy rebellion but here, where upward mobility is a deep hunger rather than a classroom topic, neo-fundamentalism is much harder to wear. A man fishes patiently in the stream artificially diverted through the center of El Fayyum. He squats in filth and darkness 20 feet below the main street holding a string. How anything could survive in that greenish, near-stagnant water seems a miracle appropriate to a Holy Land. When he catches a fish he brings it to a glass jar and gently trudge back through the narrow streets to his family of six. Everyone looks at the fish confidently, and a virtue is noticed to share it.

Patience is both the weakness and the strength of Salsal's Egypt. Weakness, because the tolerance toward corruption that leaves Westerners breathless also leaves the economy averse. But strength because the Nile seems to teach people that change is to be any good may take some time.

The streets of Cairo may have more Mercedes per square yard than anywhere in the world except Stuttgart where they're made. On the other hand Stuttgart has no-locks. The streets of Cairo certainly lead the world in a combination of Mercedes and breakers. The donkeys are bludgeoned and whipped. The Mercedes all bear scratches on the side from jealous owners. Where it will all lead only time will tell. ☐

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Portrait of a C.G.A.



Don Kitchen, C.G.A.
Audit Manager, Office of the Provincial Auditor

Don Kitchen is a natural teacher and puts his ability to good use both in his day-to-day work and in his spare time. One evening a week he lectures accounting students enrolled in the CGA program. Keeping current with accounting and, specifically, auditing procedures is vital to Don's job and he finds that lecturing "keeps him on his toes". As an audit manager with the Provincial Auditor, Don coordinates staff training and professional development for the audit staff. In addition, he manages some of the audits which fall under the responsibility of the Provincial Auditor, such as the audits of Government Ministries and Crown Corporations. When he's not at work or lecturing, Don keeps busy being the treasurer of the condominium where he lives, playing hockey or jogging.

Don Kitchen is a Certified General Accountant



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TOYOTA



Letters

Supreme but not absolute

Jack Ludwig's *Pelham, Civil Liberties Over Peshwar Soldiers* (Feb. 18), does much to give a higher profile to a situation which should, as he suggests, cause all Canadians considerable concern. What he suggested to state, however, was the reason for our concern, the significance of civil liberties within the democratic system. There are many ways to define representative government in Canada. But what Mr Ludwig's argument purports to tell us is that whenever definition one may prefer, it will lack that all-important element of truth which it gives specific direction to government to avoid the error of absolutism. For it is the people who must always be supreme, under the law, is their control over governments. And it is the civil rights as liberties of the people that make them supreme, without having to be absolute. In Canada we lack that control, and Mr Ludwig has done an excellent job of bringing the evidence before us.

PENNYC W. WITKINS, KILGUS, ONT.

Open line on Cold War

If there ever was any doubt in my mind as to the superiority of *Twice* magazine in the field of journalism, and sport commentary in particular, it must now be utterly dispelled by the breadth of vision and hard thinking in his article *Foreigners Should Be Open* (Feb. 18). That our lines of communication be kept open, that a persistent attempt be made to understand the dilemmas of a regime that we do not admire nor need

to fear—a regime that has clearly lost control of its internal affairs. The U.S.S.R. invaded Afghanistan out of fear, due to the resurgence of militant Mohammedanism. The Olympic Games remain, alone, as a bright and serene open channel toward that far shore. In my opinion, let's get on with them.

C.A. ANDERSON, BRANTFORD.

Aid with strings

In the main I agree with Peter Nieuwoudt's excellent article, *Prosper for Pakistan's Future* (Feb. 11). However, I do not think that aid to Pakistan will be looked upon as aid to Pakistan. As a Pakistani I fear that such aid programs, as contemplated by America and its allies, will only help to promote the brutal regime of General Zia-ul-Haq. It will neither benefit the Western nations who desire to ward off threats of Russian advances toward the Persian Gulf, nor will it help to soothe or stabilize the restless situation within Pakistan. Pakistanis do understand the dilemma faced by the Western world, and we do appreciate the concerns for the safety of Pakistan and offers of aid. But I do think that aid should only be given if accompanied with certain conditions such as removal of press censorship and a promise of a general election within three months.

DR. YASIN KUNDUZI
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
COUNCIL OF CONCERNED PAKISTANIS
ABROAD, 305 MILES, ONT.

Dirtier hands

Dean Rusk's resignation (The *Washington Post*, Feb. 18) is a good thing. The U.S.S.R.'s Afghanistan invasion seems to have reminded what the world so well remembers—the American in-



A woman protesting in Montreal: some hands are dirtier than others.

vasion into Vietnam, Cambodia, Korea, Santo Domingo and the shoveling Cuban Bay of Pigs invasion. Not only this but their military and covert support of cruel, savage and oppressive dictators in many of the world's areas. It seems so easy for those with soiled hands to find others whose hands, they believe, are dirtier than their own.

C. E. STATA, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Attack the heart problem

Your recent article describing David Crowther's heart attack (in *Exposure* on Feb. 4) highlights one of the most important health problems in Canada. Mr. Crowther was fortunate to survive his heart attack. Many others who have followed a similar behavior pattern in the crucial hours immediately following the onset of heart-attack symptoms have not been so lucky. Many-day-white-tubing-sessions to Mr. Crowther—delaying, denying, or attempting to locate a busy family practitioner. I feel your article did little to dispel public myths about heart attacks.

W. A. TWISD, M.D.,
CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL FACULTY,
EMERGENCY CARDIOLOGY,
CANADIAN HEART FOUNDATION,
(MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA)

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Poignant summation

Many thanks to Allan Fotheringham for his column *The Losses of the Leap-Children* (Jan. 18). I always read Mr. Fotheringham although there are times when he makes me angry and other times when he makes me laugh and there are even times when I don't understand him at all. But his poignant summation of Pierre K. Trudeau touched me deeply. He sums up the whole sorry story of this past election in one unforgettable column. You may hate Mr. Trudeau, or love him, but you

can't ignore him, and Mr. Fotheringham is his column made me understand that.

CONSTANCE S. SMITH, TORONTO

High cost of care

We read your excellent article *Neuroshock From the Backlot* (Jan. 20) by Peter Gervais-George, which confirmed the necessity for Canadians to protect themselves against the high cost of hospital/medical care while travelling outside Canada. But we couldn't help noticing that there was no mention of Quebec

Blue Cross in the article. Your analysis, I'm sure, was an oversight; however, you must understand our strong desire to claim our rightful position as second in importance of all Blue Cross plans in Canada.

ALAN THURGOOD, DEPUTY PRESIDENT,
QUEBEC BLUE CROSS, MONTREAL

Free-market slavery

Senator Forsey's paper on the evils of privatisation, neoconservatism, and free-market economics (*A Stick Wags to Stir the Public*, Feb. 11) contained two points upon which I can agree. Neoconservatism is about thinking and we do need to have more public discussion, such as the senator's, which examines the underlying fundamental principles. However, Forsey added by saying that free-market economics (which he seems to equate with neoconservatism) will "rob and enslave us." If the free market is thus described, then I am at a loss to describe the abominations of socialist democracy as practiced in Canada.

GRONCE HLEMMETZ, GUELPH, ONT.

Senator Forsey's treatment of privatisation was a disappointment and a revelation. Contrary to what I might have expected from such an outstanding Canadian of sound scholarly credentials, he only succeeded in giving a few narrow thoughts together. Now, Mr. Forsey is entitled to his opinion, but when he has the world-famous experience of a substantial stint in the Senate and a hands-on knowledge of Canadian constitutional law, he does little, in my opinion, to serve his cause by leading his more than rambling piece.

STEVEN J. GIBSON, CLAREMONT, N.C.

Missing issues

In my opinion you left out several important issues in your recent *Politics and Progress* (Feb. 16) by Ian Anderson—such things as civil liberties, nuclear and excessive profits.

BRUCE PAE, TORONTO

Equal time

Writer Susan Riley in her article *A Telling Match on Night Mingle* (Feb. 18) stated that Terry Jean Pappert was "ruthless" in her "winners" Centre than Bob or Robert did there in last May's election. Since Mr. de Cotret used our house as a base for his campaign efforts and since we are well versed in our friend Jean Pappert's campaign, we would like your readers to know that both those people worked equally hard to win the ride.

JUDITH YAWORSKI, LES MEREY,
OTTAWA



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look at the quiet revolution underway in home heating and air conditioning. It may well prove to be the most interesting thing you'll read all year. If you've been considering the advantages of heating and cooling your home with a heat pump, here's the quick and easy way to find the answers to your questions at a glance — all under one cover. If a heat pump hasn't been in your place, George's booklet will show you what a great idea you may have been missing.

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ONCE MORE FROM THE TOP

By Robert Lewis

Two days after his latest government was sworn in, Pierre Trudeau—a notoriously close morning-sleeper—arrived at his office shortly before 9 to find the door locked. There ensued an anxious scurry of communications for keys and an urgent rounding up of senior aides. Like a cast of world-weary actors in rumpled costumes, Canada's national governing troupe—46 years in the past 56—was back on the boards to play it again after nine short months of rehearsal.

The minutes of the opening suggested that the chartered Liberal company was intent on receding its expectations for 1982, unless productions from the taxing of Parliament's opening April 14 had a touch of show life. The start was to be advised to 11 a.m. from afternoon so as not to compete with the nationally televised mass opener of the Toronto Blue Jays.

Trudeau struck a note of urgency at the first meeting of cabinet. He laid out the priorities for the new term—a budget from Finance Minister Allan Rock, an agreement on oil pricing by Energy Minister Marc Lalonde and an opening session devoted to clearing up lingering business caused by two elec-

tions in the past year. While the list of Liberal election promises was skimpy by design, the government spared no efforts in demonstrating its strength to house its whippers. Lalonde was dispatched to announce cabinet approval of an auditing agency that will recommend a new price for oil and gas and how to split up the petroleum windfall. Lalonde scheduled meetings next week with the producing provinces and the companies, noting: "I'd either missed or go out with a big bang." As for confusion about Liberal pricing policy, at week's end Lalonde told Macdonald the government stands by Trudeau's campaign statement that a "Madison-Canada price will result in a lower price to consumers than the one proposed for the next four years in the Clark budget." Earlier in the week Lalonde sent shivers of broken promises through Liberal ranks when he suggested that the commitment was only for one year.

Over at the C.D. Howe Building, of all places, economic minister Herb Gray's first act as minister of industry, trade and commerce was to start work on a deal to haul out troubled Chrysler Canada in his home mixer of Windsor, in return for 30-the-subsidized benefits to the Canadian economy. Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan flew off to a

meeting in Paris. Mark MacGugan in External Affairs was planning a round of his own travel, and Communications Minister Francis Fox was before the McDonald inquiry on secret meetings.

Having twice before blown majority government situations—1968-72 and 1974-78—the Liberals were understandably repulsed. Trudeau set the tone in the closing days of the last campaign when he chastised the Clark government as a bad flick. "We have seen a couple of reels of the late show and we know it's a punk show." The desire to remain in prime time naturally animates the closing days. "We did not miss our time in Opposition," snickered Ed Leamer, minister responsible for international trade. "We've learned a lot from our mistakes." Adds a senior Trudeau adviser: "Mistakes can do you in, but we know that lethargy can defeat you too."

For another opening Trudeau placed his hands from some old shows. Joe Clark slipped away mostly on a Hawaii vacation and it was left to his former solicitor-general, Allan Lawrence, to rail bitterly that the cabinet was "like some old crew of tired has-beens." At 58, MacGugan is the oldest member of finance in half a century and probably the craftiest postmodernist. His ele-

videns caps a painful and little-known exercise is personal and political retaliation (see profile, page 34). The symbolic act of the removal of the loyalists and staffers who rolled up their sleeves when the going got rough in defeat—and the sapping of those who didn't (see box).

MacKenzie and Lalonde only happen to be two of the few ministers who were left with Trudeau in cabinet's non-making section. Actually, they are really the co-queads who helped Trudeau design the cabinet along with principal secretary Jim Gault and longtime confidant Michael Pitblado. At week's end cabinet secretary Marcel Massé announced to a hushed meeting of the senior Privy Council staff that Pitblado would be taking back the post he lost to Massé when Joe Clark took over last year. Trudeau now will run the affairs of the group of four. Says one Trudeau associate: "He only has to talk to the people he

likes." With two sturdy deputies sleeping in France and Energy, the PM is also liberated to concentrate in federal-provincial relations, international affairs—and his place in history.

Fully 18 of Trudeau's 32-member cabinet served him before in some 30 portfolios. Six of them are back at stunts they operated before. True to form, 14 ministers are lawyers and only two—Monique Bégin in Health and Northern Ontario secretary Judy Brota in Mines—are women (former Communications minister, Jeanne Sauvé, is Commons Speaker). Sixty per cent of the cabinet happens to be Catholic and there are eight educators, four farmers, three broadcasters and three businessmen. The average age is 43.

Anders say it was an accident, but Trudeau clearly fashioned a cabinet for the referendum in Quebec. Among the 11 ministers from the province, well-known francophones occupy crucial federalist posts: Jean Chrétien in Justice,

Francis Fox in Communications and Gilles Lamontagne in Defense. Jean Maniwand, Trudeau's battle-sore colleague, becomes Senate Speaker. As Trudeau explained: "Quebecers are very faithful supporters of the Liberal party." For the West, where the Liberals elected only two MPs, Trudeau got Winnipeg's Lloyd Axworthy in as an elderly apt as minister of employment and immigration, shipped over St. Boniface's Robert Bodnar and tapped the Senate for the old and the honored Ray Perrault as Senate leader from British Columbia, former Alberta Premier Bob Olson in Economic Development, and ex-Saskatchewan CCFR Hanes Angus for the Canadian Wheat Board in the Atlantic region. Trudeau turned to five men including former Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan for Labor and Jerome LeBlond for Fisheries. Ontario got 12 spots, including Pelegos from Ottawa in Transport, Robert Kaplan as subprime-general and John



The new cabinet: Judy Brota sworn in as mines minister; left to right Justin Michel, Sacha Trudeau prima min.

Mauro from Hamilton in Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

There is a decided leftward lean to the group. MacKenzie was intimately involved in the establishment of the Canada Pension Plan and medicare and, along with Poirer and Chrétien, was part of the small-liberal wing of Lester Pearson's cabinet. One of the few right-of-centre economic ministers is the treasury board president, Donald Johnston, from Montreal, Que., ditched by Trudeau in 1975 because he wasn't considered early enough, is the author of the report that led to the creation of the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA). But the government backed off from most of Gray's recommendations—and now he is back, responsible for FIRA, with a new mandate from Trudeau to increase Canadian ownership.

Gray's success in dealing with foreign investment will be a key test of the depths of the Liberal renewal. "The important thing," he says, "is that you see people with a small liberal inclination in the top economic positions." If there is time left over after running the post office, André Gosselin in Consumer Affairs will get a second chance to display his activist bent. But William Stanbury, a securities expert with the Institute for Research in Public Policy, doubts that Gosselin will ever deliver Stage 2 of the Liberals' competition act—legislation that is almost 18 years old and that has been consistently quashed by big business because of its anti-trust and anti-monopoly provisions. "The Liberals' addiction for their Stage 1," says Stanbury, "is that of a man holding a rattlesnake on a very short stick." As for Liberal pledges to increase Canadian ownership, NDP MP Bob Rae scoffs. "I've seen that movie before." Retorts a defiant Gray: "But you haven't seen me in charge of this before." Time will tell if delivery means only in the eye of the projectant.



For every winner there's a loser

After winning the back benches for nearly 12 years before getting a cabinet seat, Mark MacGugan wasn't about to do anything rash in his first days as external affairs minister. By the weekend, however, the Liberal held with only more led in foreign affairs and the diplomats, often frantic days under Flona MacDonald were over. For a start, MacGugan told Michael A. Fox's Toronto Telegram policy

line 45-year-old Windsor-born brother of suggestions that he was either unready for the job or a yes-man for a prime minister planning to play the cardmaker in his last term. In fact, MacGugan comes with five degrees, taught international law at the University of Toronto and Osgoode Hall and was dean of law at the University of Windsor. He is also a World F1 columnist—"a shrill of optimism which I hope I won't lose in the job."

Just as MacGugan had been crowded out of cabinet for a decade by other Windsor ministers (Mark Olney and Sujana Whelan), a quartet of ex-ministers were

Trudeau's new cabinet: Mark Olney, Sujana Whelan, a quartet of ex-ministers were

dropped the late. In Northern Ontario, John Reid was left out. Galt's rise was too quick to add far a new leader last December when Trudeau was recommending retirement in western Ontario. Judd Buchanan was dropped for too had questioned Trudeau's leadership and one Trudeau man sniped: "didn't put himself out too much" in Opposition. Sam's But Cullen stayed out after being left May and regaining his seat this time. Ontario minister Beryl MacQuay—newer to Lincoln Ontario—didn't get back in his personal spat with Air Canada was one reason. And Western Affairs was realigned as the cabinet's single Quebecer by Donald Johnston, Trudeau's personal lawyer in Montreal.

John Hay

revised policy to lead established in the tradition of Pearson and Martin, "and he seeks no need for formal reassessment. Most readily adopted by the new minister was neither Conservative initiative, a recent Canadian plan to break the U.S.-Soviet impasse over Afghanistan and revive the prospects of the Moscow Olympics. Along with the three proposed by British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington. Canada's compromise proposal involves a Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan and an international commitment to Afghan neutrality. The scheme was quietly broached to U.S. officials in Ottawa some weeks before the Clark government lost the Feb. 16 election. Its chances for success are still considered shy, but it remains a live issue in allied foreign offices. While MacGugan was saying Canada "may be much more likely" to support the boycott than not, the cabinet was called to delay a final decision, hoping for what MacGugan calls "a concerted stand" by NATO members with Washington.

Though advising to "delighted astonishment" at his own elevation to External





A recluse walks on troubled waters

By Ian Anderson

Claude Kennedy, the Scottish singer, likes to tell a story about his friend Allan MacEwen, Canada's finance minister. The two were crossing the Outer Hebrides of Scotland in search of the craft that had been known to MacEwen's forefathers. As the sea grew heavy MacEwen turned to Kennedy on the deck and remarked, "Just it fortunate that I love danger."

MacEwen found the craft, only its doorway narrowing after 150 years of disease. It is a story that has some meaning now. His love of danger certainly will be tested in the heavy going of the finance ministry of Pierre Trudeau's re-elected government. After 23 years in Parliament, the enigmatic Cape Breton Island bachelor seems bent on winning public recognition for his talents. It has been a long climb back from when his abilities fell short of his ambition in 1968. He had been humiliated in the run for the Liberal leadership, his health was on the rocks, and despite his family's drive him to despondency. With his quiet tenacity he began to rebuild and 12 years later, at 56, Allan Joseph Mac-

Ewen, after Trudeau, is the most powerful politician in the country. And the man his constituents call *Allan* is going to take centre stage this time.

MacEwen is a very private man. His close friends are few and they tend to fall into three groups. Liberal cronies, old Cape Breton pals and the people with whom he shares his passion for Gaelic music, literature and history. Few of his friends seem to mingle with such other and none claims to know "the real Allan." "There's always a barrier you never cross," says someone who has known him for 30 years.

In Ottawa, MacEwen has the reputation of a recluse, a man devoted to his work. "His greatest asset is his integrity," says a longtime adviser. "He has no interest outside politics, no ties to corporations. He has never used politics to further his own nest." But few in Ottawa have attended one of his celebrated colloquia, Gaelic for "gathering." He puts up a tent, hires a haggis and fiddler and invites up to 300 friends to his Cape Breton hideaway on Lake Umbagog—"L.A." in his staff. And few have shared the long squalls in Scotland where the pipes wail and MacEwen says, you "mix the whisky with

MacEwen, an enigmatic Cape Breton island bachelor bent on recognition.

morning dew." These trips to Scotland came to a climax in 1977 when he opened the Highland Games with a speech in Gaelic, a language he still uses when politicking through his redoubt.

Danger, danger and Gaelic scholarship are not the things most Canadians know MacEwen for. His language is blurred, in part by his own choosing. He has survived 10 elections because he understands the contrariness of his Scots-blooded constituents. "You're not held in any great esteem in Cape Breton," says Senator Robert Mann, who held a Cape Breton seat 22 years. "Politics is a great leveller. You're there to work for them, and they know it."

"If you were born in Cape Breton in the 1850s or 1860s, you'd have a clear idea of what makes Allan MacEwen work," says John Young, a Halifax lawyer and former MacEwen assistant. MacEwen is not fond of recalling his youth in loneliness as the third son of a poor Cape Breton miner. He remembers the "hunted time" of a bright lad who "could have been reading, advancing my knowledge." The driving force for him was his mother, Anne. "She wanted to get us educated," he says. She sent two of her three sons to university. When MacEwen left, he says, "I said, 'Well, thank God I left that place, I'll never go back.'" But he has kept the small company house in which they lived and he has represented the town in Ottawa for 20 years.

MacEwen's scholarship took him to St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, close to Cape Breton. It was there a hub of social activism under Father Massé Coady, the one man MacEwen credits with being a major influence on him. Coady's "People's University" spread solid education to fishermen, miners, farmers. He helped start co-operatives and credit unions. He opened MacEwen's eyes. "I learned there was a possibility after all to change the world," MacEwen says, adding dryly, "And I have been trying to do that ever since. But it is true that was a profound impact on me, that there was a world of ideas and activity that was revealed through the window of the university. That indicated the conditions under which people live could be changed and improved, and it was man's duty to accept things as inevitable."

MacEwen was a professor of economics at age 25, after studying in Toronto, Chicago and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Mass. Out of his groundbreaking class of 48, a dozen became priests. His friends describe him as a devoted Catholic, though he jokes about skipping the

priesthood because "my lack of spirituality" was recognized at an early date. "He is known to carry a rosary, although we estimate says MacEwen was carefully torn by Pope Paul's stand against birth control. As external affairs minister MacEwen had been keenly interested in Third World affairs and had concluded that birthrates had to be controlled."

At heart, though, MacEwen practices the art of the possible. "He's the kind of person who recognizes that you can't have radical change quickly in this country," says Young. "If you want change, you have to build toward it, like MacEwen did when he brought in medicine."

When, in 1968, he decided to run for the leadership, Pearson warned him against it. The Atlantic delegates were split among himself, Trudeau and Robert Winston. One of his advisers at the time remembers the dilemma. "He went into the thing not expecting to win. He was supposed to represent a certain cause [the party's left wing]. Unfortunately, he got caught up in it." It was the nadir of his career. His mother died early in the year; he wrote debt because of the race, the strain got to him in the form of ulcers, his political reputation was in tatters. His star had fallen. "Conventions are fairly ruthless operations," he says now. "They are not



At the 1968 leadership convention, and with Pearson close to despondency

interested in anything but winners." Out of the ashes of 1968, MacEwen built a position of enormous power in

his party. His Commons tactics kept Trudeau in power through the minority Parliament of 1972-74. Before the session, MacEwen prepared a battle plan for the government's first 130 days, the period he thought would be most crucial. The paper was pure MacEwen. "He'd make a great chess player," says John Young. "He can plan a move on Monday knowing where it will land him on Friday." His staff has learned that his moodiness is usually no more than preoccupation when he "takes a problem and worries it around," says an aide. But his Scottish blood is known to thicken with boredom and leaves MacEwen melancholy, remote, like the old description of the Highlanders in winter—"with a dreariness to anger them, they are brooding by their fire till the legs and thighs are scorched to an extraordinary degree."

It was MacEwen who was among the last to see Trudeau before he came out of "retirement" last December. He told Trudeau he had a "duty and an obligation" to lead the party since it was he who had engineered the defeat of the Conservative government. He told the same thing in a rousing speech to the caucus. "I believe that the people who got up and stood behind their leader had a leader," he says. "There was no need to start calling Thompson and Vancouver to find one." That is probably too bland an assessment of his own role. One Liberal says MacEwen "discovered the caucus to Trudeau with that speech. Some people said it was the best speech he ever made."

MacEwen had grown infuriated with what he saw as the arrogance of





0 The Tories. He had warned Walter Baker, the government House leader, that Baker would have to seek more compromise to keep his majority government afloat. MacRackhen himself is said to have succeeded as a diplomat because he always let an adversary "take at least something away from the table. He always let people leave with their pride," said a former aide in the closing days of the government. MacRackhen says he sensed the Tories "weren't in control."

He is still baffled by Baker's decision to press on with the budget debate on Dec. 13, the night the government fell on a non-confidence motion linked to the budget debate. "No one will ever know if it had been put off until the following Monday how people would have reacted after they had gone into their ridings," MacRackhen says. "You know there's an atmosphere that you have to watch in that House. It is more atmosphere that controls it than votes and that atmosphere was building up."

MacRackhen's motives through that period have been questioned by at least one close friend. "The more I see of MacRackhen helping select the cabinet and being a power broker, the more I wonder if there wasn't a strategy," he says. "The success of politics is, after all, survival. For MacRackhen, the best chance of survival was under Trudeau instead of under Donald MacDonald or John Turner."

MacRackhen chaired the Liberal platform committee for the 1980 election and used his position to help tilt the party back toward the left wing. As finance minister he wants to avoid the charges

being a "spender," yet will fight to preserve the income redistribution programs he championed in the 1980s. Accordingly, he doesn't rule out increased personal taxes, and he says he doesn't want to increase the budget deficit.

If anyone is noted to elicit a free-spending MacRackhen, it comes in the rumpled cardigan jacket of treasury board president Don Johnston, a fiscal conservative and tax lawyer to Trudeau. "I'm rather fortunate," says Johnston, "that the financial position of the government is difficult. My colleagues are going to have to recognize quickly that the money isn't there. We are going to have to do more with less. The times are on my side, as it were."

MacRackhen agrees with Johnston, for his own reasons. "I would think if we are going to make social progress in this country," he says, "we have got to be sure that the economy is properly managed. That's why the deficit looms as a concern."

Until further notice, the international money markets seem willing to give MacRackhen the benefit of the doubt. "It was foreseeable in the 1980s to spend money on social programs, reasons a senior bank analyst. "All ambitious politicians do. But because MacRackhen is a smart politician, he'll realize that the No. 1 concern of the average household is inflation. If not fiscal policy will not be any different from the Conservative government's."

In one sense MacRackhen has looked into Finance at an opportune time. The

Canadian dollar is growing stronger and increasing revenues from higher oil prices will give MacRackhen room to manoeuvre. A graveyard for most politicians, Finance could instead vault MacRackhen toward his ultimate ambition, the prime ministership.

Could he win the nomination when he is 62 or 70? "That is the way things are now," says one senior party official. "But if things go his way over the next few years he could. Remember he's the last of the people who ran for it in 1968—except Trudeau himself." Says a MacRackhen adviser: "I don't think there's any deal between the two about succession. But with the closeness of the relationship, that sort of thing evolves."

It is typical of MacRackhen that when he was minister of external affairs he worked into his schedule a visit to the New Zealand town of Waipua when he was on a Pacific tour. It was in Waipua that a preacher named Norman MacLeod led 800 Cape Breton Scots in 1851, and their descendants still consider Cape Breton their "hail and go." At a meeting in Waipua, among relics of Cape Breton, MacRackhen spoke in Gaelic and referred to "the inseparable and unbreakable bond that links those who have Scottish and Highland backgrounds," and afterward he sent postcards to 10 Cape Breton friends. Each bore the same message: "I made it to Waipua." MacRackhen has now made it much further than Waipua. How much further he wants to go is a secret he keeps to himself. What is certain is that he will make it on blown terms. As a Highlander, he would have it no other way. ☐

Fox jumps into the limelight

While his cabinet colleagues were poring over briefing documents for their new jobs, the new secretary of state and minister of communications, Francis Fox, was busy reliving his past. He was testifying before Ottawa's answer to the afternoon soap—the long-standing McDonald Commission on RCMP wrongdoing—about his 16 months as solicitor-general. That term ended abruptly in January, 1978, when Fox confessed to having signed another man's name to a hospital document to obtain an abortion for a married woman with whom he had been having an affair, and he has been ostracized to the political twilight zone ever since.

So it was ironic that last week, the very week of Fox's political rehabilitation, he was plunged immediately into a potentially damaging limelight as the commission's star witness. But the curly-headed, handsome 40-year-old lawyer remained cool and co-operative and emerged from the first three days of questioning relatively unscathed. In the tedious, careful way of royal commissions, testimony last week was leading to the conclusion that Fox led to Parliament on June 17, 1977, when he said RCMP involvement in a 1972 break-in at a left-wing Montreal news agency was an isolated and exceptional case. It emerged that Fox had been told, 11 days earlier, of the allegations of two disgruntled Ministers of widespread illegality. The two had been dissuaded from the force because of their friendship with an underworld figure, and Fox said he treated their charges as



Fox reliving his past: a man for the ages whose tests run more to mischief

"blackmail," a simple attempt to have their demands reversed. However, later that June, after his speech in the Commons, he got evidence that some of their charges were accurate, that the Minister had been breaking the law—and that led him to set up the McDonald Commission.

As solicitor-general Fox defended the Minister religiously, and remained careful and conservative in his remarks about the firm last week. Charming and attractive, Fox—now testifying at a Harvard-Oxford education—is not seen as an particularly creative thinker. Politically he's described as a "pragmatist," a man who avoids controversy and supports the status quo. Of mixed English-French parentage, Fox is popular in his

native Quebec, but within the Liberals' variegated Quebec caucus opinion is mixed. He is seen as a Marie Laframboise prototype, and opinion about Laframboise himself is sharply divided. Although Fox's attempts to master leadership support last fall failed, he is undoubtedly a future candidate for prime minister. He is impeccably bilingual, unimpeached in government, well-educated and—perhaps most importantly—he took the part. But there are those who question his maturity and depth, and he'll be closely watched in his new job.

Fox admits to no expertise either in the arts or communications, and his personal taste runs to movies and mainstream theatre. But he sees his new portfolio as a means of strengthening national unity—a longtime preoccupation, and one that is bound to send shivers down spines at Radio-Canada, which was subjected to a separatist witchhunt initiated by the Liberal government a few years ago. Fox says he isn't interested in reviving it. "I was impressed with three coverage of the new cabinet. They emphasized, quite rightly I thought, the high degree of Quebec representation." He also admits he was "forced to identify" in Opposition—and it showed. He was a laid-back employment critic, against the exonerated vulnerable Ron Atkey. And last week, at a break in the McDonald hearings, Fox depicted a bit as he talked to reporters, showing the impatience of a man anxious to get on with rebuilding his career. Perhaps recalling the words with which he resigned in 1978—"A politician is always the someone away from others"—he discussed questions from his own leadership plans as premature. "Let's just see if I can handle this job. Maybe I won't make it."

Susan Riley

Edmonton

A burnt offering for the plate

The Edmonton religious community, hit by four fires in 10 days, was on the alert as March rolled in. But it was premature for newspapers to give thanks for a brief respite from the continued annals in their cities. When staffers at the Edmonton Cemetery analysed the large mausoleum there last Monday they discovered that looters couldn't stop the firebug who seems to have a grudge against religion. Sometime during the weekend an intruder had tried to force the mausoleum door, been frustrated by its iron ornaments,

Bural pews in Edmonton: the firebug who seems to have a grudge against religion



tion, kicked in a lower-level window instead and set a \$45,000 fire that destroyed most of the woodwork in the marble building.

The discovery of the marauders first came only four days after a blast tore through the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Cathedral, charring parts of the interior, causing \$225,000 damage and slightly injuring two firefighters.

The fires began in mid-February with a \$1-million blaze at Beth Shalom Synagogue, which chared six pious Tu-



One-million-dollar blaze: Roman crucifix charred remains of processional Torah scrolls

ris scrolls. A \$90,000 fire at the crucifixion Church of the Nazarenes was next. But although police generally arrested a suspect, the fires continued even though he was in custody in one of them, a second fire was set in the ruins of Beth Shalom.

Ryan Spenser, chief arson investigator for the Edmonton fire department, "There are similarities among the fires but we don't know if we have a religious nut or something else." What Spenser does know is that arsonists, in the first two months of the year, set 64 fires and caused more than \$1-million damage in Edmonton, compared with about \$600,000 during all of 1979. Vandals or firebugs have leveled apartment houses, office buildings, restaurants, schools, construction sites and most lately, churches and synagogues. After the second fire, places of worship opened negotiations with security forces and called on their members to act as volunteer guards. Then, late last week, five days after the marauder blaze, arson probe Spenser announced that a new suspect had been charged with five counts of lighting "bombs." Dave Danny Kunitz, 31, of Edmonton, was to appear in court this Monday.

Barbara Zwanen

Quebec

Seeking victory over the snores

By David Thomas

Quebec's National Assembly is not asleep in its chambers. It is, in some ways, the page boy of parliament under Charles Hache's massive mural recalling the overcasted chairs and domed majesties of Lower Canada's first assembly in 1793. Quebec's sleepy \$363 cigarette sales atop the bread-love, creek walnuts with their hinged desks top and make rude names. They have imposed since the Parti Quebecois government shut down the secret bar—designated as a "members' meeting room"—but the solemnity of last week's debate on the question to be put in the province's imminent constitutional referendum was again victim of assembly tedium in the midst of Opposition leader Claude Ryan's drawing attention of sovereignty-association as "a monumental fraud," his party's party prima donna, Solange Chaput-Belland, slumped forward in apparent slumber while, in the row behind, liberal colleague George Spensinger, head banging, could be resented from his snoring repose only by the sleep aloof of his seatmate.

Even the most inebriate legislator, or voter, must finally be alerted by the incessant refrain of referendum which, essentially, is directed at just seven per cent of Quebec's 4.1 million adults. The result is already decided: 55 per cent will say no and 45 per cent yes to giving the government a mandate to negotiate sovereignty-association with the rest of Canada, according to a Radio-Canada survey released Friday.

But the PQ government does have a slight edge with French-speaking voters—49 per cent yes, 48 per cent no—and victory there has been the crucial objective of each side, at the risk of grave legislative clowdage in the province (see back).

Meets coverage of the three-week National Assembly debate is intense, even in post-midnight hours, four different

The government of Quebec has made public its proposal to negotiate a new agreement with the rest of Canada, based on the equality of nations. This agreement would enable Quebec to acquire the exclusive power to make its laws, levy its taxes and establish its own courts—in other words, sovereignty—and at the same time to maintain with Canada an economic association including a common currency. Any change in political status resulting from these negotiations will be submitted to the people through a referendum.

ON THESE TERMS, DO YOU GIVE THE GOVERNMENT OF QUEBEC THE MANDATE TO NEGOTIATE THE PROPOSED AGREEMENT BETWEEN QUEBEC AND CANADA? YES ☐ NO ☐



television channels carried debate separately, and the French-language, *Le Presse* published complete transcripts of every speech. Curiously, some English-language media downplay the event, while *Prolog*, the *Devoir* in Montreal nightly headlined Finance Minister Jacques Fessenden's departure from the party line with his affirmation that "the referendum is a step towards independence," the *Montreal Gazette* blared the combined effect of a light snowfall and a three-week municipal workers strike—conditions all too true on March 19.

Quebec's political climate was to concentrate on economic issues in the first week of debate, switching this week to the shortcomings of Canada's existing constitution and ending with a crescendo of cultural arguments for voting yes. René Lévesque's opening speech Tuesday set the government loose by outlining the bleak issue: "This year will

Radiation-Correspondent's own referendum poll asked: To make a complete break leaving the actual question now being debated by the National Assembly, 52 per cent for NO. Quebec respondents voted NO, 41 per cent voted YES, seven per cent who selected neither or left their blank were counted undecided.

mean, at the same time, a better balance and farrier share in the economic partnership with the rest of Canada." Moments later, he contradicted himself by promising to maintain intact the existing "Canadian economic union." Lévesque manages to argue that sovereignty-association will create an autonomous Quebec economy, all the while perpetuating the integrity of the Canadian economy which his party says has deprived Quebec of a just share of railways, food exports and modern industry. Paradoxically, in contrast, soundly re-frankly coherent in his unequivocal use of the word "independence" and a relaying of style intended to establish his leadership of his hard-liners "This position which I share with so many Quebecers leaves me profoundly convinced that our old homeland will soon become our new country." The odor of defeat hangs over the sovereignty-association scheme devised by the premier, and Parizeau, anticipating a pro-independence referendum within the PQ, is building a base as a potential successor to Lévesque as party leader.

Ryan attempted to divert the government's confusion of two issues by proposing a double question which would ask: Do you think Quebec should become a sovereign state? Followed by: If so, do you think a sovereign Quebec should seek to negotiate an economic association with the rest of Canada?

Ryan's proposed question has no chance of surviving assembly debate and his real strategy must be to counter Lévesque's vote-inducing claim that only Quebecers voting no are "farward-turning, old-fashioned, clinging to fear of taking charge of themselves and facing the future." Hence, the clever choice by Ryan's Liberals of a pro-referendum slogan appealing to Quebec patriotism: *Non 2000 et 600 ans*. It's an untranslatable (but meaning, say, *never* and *now*), as Québécois Unrefined March 1, the slogan brought 60,000 cheering Liberals to their feet during the party's constitutional convention, their pride stirred by a play on words. Concluded the liberalist full-time advertising specialist Jacques Du Bouché: "We have to postpone the no."

For French-speaking Québécois, saying no represents a painful break from the old antiquity of their national identity. First rivaled by the federal parliamentarian, the Union Nationale's former leader, Rodrigue Tremblay, resigned last week, saying he would vote no at the referendum but was unable to envision his five federalist caucus members to follow. And even the Liberals' emotional Charles Bédard, a member of Ontario's 1975 Task Force on Constitutional Change, told a *Prolog* reporter that, while he would not be given "without bravado, without arrogance and, perhaps, with a little sadness" to

Ryan's fancy turns to Marx

The Parti Québécois government is a 20-year-old bandwagon—the voters endorsed by non-partisan experts to vote as a bloc against sovereignty-association. Such dynamic arithmetic evokes the spectre of self-destruction and internal schism, reports that Quebec's vibrant destiny was defined by an educated minority whose votes should not count. Though Premier René Lévesque broke into English during last week's National Assembly debate on the referendum question to reassure minority voters that there was "no something as racist and we speak only of nations between French-speaking nationalists and English-speaking federalists will be incessantly hard-nosed during and after the campaign. Early Friday, PQ National Assembly member Jean-François Berthoin was heard in a Quebec City restaurant offering consolation: "The English are blocking the future of Quebec."

As a non-political intellectual, a French-English-speaking politician is emerging to walk the fine thread line between French and English. Herbert Marx—placed into the National Assembly with 96 per cent of the vote in a Montreal by-election last November—was propelled to prominence by Liberal leader Claude Ryan, who chose him over five senior anglophone colleagues to address a convention of 3,000 party members only this month. His message: Quebec is a unique society of equality before the law, most surely before the referendum and PQ resolutions that taxpayers are not his Québécois. In the arms of human rights, Québécois have no lessons to learn from anyone, but the PQ would learn something from Québécois.

Marx, 40, is the son of an immigrant from Jersey and moved up and out of the St. Urban Street Jewish neighborhood romantically by novelist Marjorie Richter. He is actually semiretired and ambles to choose, as Richter said, "experiences to Europe and the life of a writer. My mother is a poet, is out of it." Instead, Marx commanded studies in literature with a master's thesis on Political Mobility in Culture: A Travels before switching at age 32 to law studies in Fribourg at the Université de Montréal. For a while he in Quebec but never Marx was identified as a writer as a teacher and, at a time when anglo accounts were rare, he studied the complaints of transplanted students offended by his pronunciation and syntactical arts.

Summing the intolerance Marx built a 10-year university career, specializing in constitutional and social theories and was elected to the 1975 Task Force on Constitutional Change. He was a member of the Commission All in all, he is the ideal anglo-

thoughtful for Ryan, whose party suffers a setback, in the minds of many Québécois, of being the defender of a privileged, bilingual English-speaking minority in contrast. Marx appears sincerely vulnerable, his infectious grin and shaggy appeal for approval make him seem almost ordinary—a curious quality for a politician but perhaps the most effective antidote to an image (described of his anglo 384 never before a large crowd) "Herbert Marx" advised a sympathetic voice during his convenience address. Marx jokes mainly in French for public remarks except at times during his frequent political talks in the synagogues of his predominantly Jewish family of D'Arcy-McGee. His anglophone visits were once regular before his plunge into politics. It is not a religious per-



Marx, serving PQ instructions that represents anglos, not his Québécois

son. But you can be a good Jew without being religious—otherwise there wouldn't be many Jews around." Smiles, Marx is making his political mark by affirming that you don't have to be named Shmuel or David to be a good Québécois. "The referendum is for all of us."

David Thomas

There wasn't a whole lot of shakin' going on at the Night Story disco in Tokyo last week, despite the fact that jet-set boogier Margaret Trudeau had been hired to appear in her dancing booties for three days—and for \$50,000. Instead the service turned into a veritable sit-in, with the estranged wife of Pierre Trudeau presiding over the glitz as demurely as if it were a tea party. Her foray in Japan turned into a 10-day, all-expense-paid holiday financed by retired physician Dr. Kuznetsky Bakshi, 47, who owns the disco building. After the no-dance show, Trudeau toured the

DAVID J. PHILLIPS



Trudeau: not a whole lot of shakin'

countrywide with her sister, Janet Simms Back on the home front, Maggie T.'s lawyers were waging a war with California producer Bob McElhatton, who wants to film her autobiography, *Beyond Reason*. "Her lawyers told me Pierre was putting pressure on her—he was afraid it would make him look bad," says McElhatton, whose production company plans to go ahead with other projects, including a documentary on Emilio Vazquez.

There will be pandemonium in fanzine-land as lovely, 31-yr-old Garrett, curly locks to prepare for service stardom. Garrett, one of those rare out-rioters who was actually born in Hollywood, steps into the boxing ring this month to begin work on the life story of former featherweight boxing champion Danny Duffie Red Lopez, which should



Garrett: those curly locks hint to go

surface next fall as a *Chinatown* of the Ring. Even more lifeful for the screen-age-26 set is the vision of Garrett dying his sandy mane bright red. "I understand that it's all part of being an actor," said Garrett before the dye was cast. In preparation for his role, Garrett is also undergoing bodywork at Los Angeles' Main Street Gym where *Barbie* Biskamp and Ryan O'Mall performed dogfights for *The Mirror*. About The more serious side of Garrett will be unveiled later this month when he leads a Houston March of Dimes walkathon and when he heads into court to answer charges of drunken driving for a car accident last fall in which a passenger driving with him was seriously injured.



DAVID J. PHILLIPS

44 Billie, it was hard work," sighed Claire Jean Howard, 33, the freshly crowned Miss Teen Canada. Howard won the crown and more than \$10,000 in booty over 30 other pubescent contestants. The Grade 12 model from Charlottetown entered the contest after students at her high school made her their mascot. "Reality pageants have never appealed to me," she said after winning. "I have never wanted to be the Potato Bowl Queen."

Throughout the election, photographers had a hard time getting a clear shot of Pierre Trudeau without invading press-idee Suzanne Perry, 36, has now assumed a certain power in the

and television reporters. Papped press interest in the woman at Trudeau's elbow has caused Perry to keep a low profile recently. In fact, she is looking for another job.

A bulky body-builder Lou Ferrigno has a talent. "It isn't easy being great," Ferrigno, 38-34-34, went over all over in 1977 as *Big Boy's* rumpaging alter ego in the 78 fantasy series *The Incredible Hulk*. Prior to his boob tube debut, the 23-year-old New Yorker had won such pumping-trace crowns as the Mr. Teenage America contest, Mr. America and Mr. Universe, with time out for a stint as a short-statured worker and brief service as a defensive tackle



Ferrigno: it isn't easy being giant

for the Toronto Argonauts. Now Ferrigno is pumping up for the classics and hopes to play the *Loe Chaney* j.c. role of a heretofore giant in the remake of the 1940 film *Of Mice and Men* based on John Steinbeck's novel. "Playing the Hulk isn't as easy as it looks," explains six-foot-five Ferrigno. "After putting on makeup for two hours, I have to go out and break down walls. Without the self-discipline of weight-lifting, I don't know how I'd do it."

66 will be the first time I've ever tried to sing with any conviction," says comedian Chevy Chase, whose first vocal album, *Live at the Garden*, will be released this month. Included on the record will be a parody of *Smile* where Chase's latest, *The Secret Life of Animals*, and a *Diana Summer* takeoff called *Love to Have My Baby*. Chase has also been writing a movie script that he

hopes Michael O'Donoghue (Mr. Mike's Mondo Video) will direct. O'Donoghue is enthusiastic about the project, *Planet of the Cats*. Several *Eds* have been the "really cheap" special effects include a spine-mangler, six-foot-long worms and "the flying lizards," which feature "a creature that is half fly, half toxicologic catatonic, and eats your face."

In 1941, Walter Farley won a New York City high-school student who had never seen an Arabian horse, but that didn't stop him from writing his famous first novel, *The Black Stallion*. It's the only dollar "I've ever made," says 67-year-old Farley, who went on to write more than 20 horse novels. This month Canadians will begin lining up to see the film version of Farley's story of a young boy who tames a wild shaggy horse and conquers North American rodeos. The film's 13-year-old star is *Casa Grande* of San Antonio, Texas, who was spotted by Farley five years ago in a horse-race. Farley "held out" for five years to have producer Francis Coppola cast his hand. Cast as The Black, and he seems to have been right about the horse's potential. Casa has already been signed (or branded) for his second major role—*The Return of the Black Dragoon*.

O'Connell's bare-again Christian Beca Cockburn conquered Italy last fall with his shockingly laid-back style and, after being heralded in Milan as "a new man of the 80s," he's back in Canada and back on the road. The "new" Cockburn doesn't rush much during his concerts, preferring to lounge audiences with his latest musical interaction which extends out of the crush-granola folk genre and into a lyrical jam format. He remains, however, an intensely charming. When backlers at a recent concert in Toronto began demanding "happy songs," Cockburn quietly perched over his glasses and announced "They're all happy songs—sometimes it's just hard to tell."

When the final '79 taping of *The Palace* took place this month at Hamilton Place, Mager Jack Macdonald rose to the stage to make the show's host singer, *Jack Jones*, and regular comic relief, *Marly Allen*, honorary citizens of the Ontario province. Silver-haired Macdonald will miss Jones and Allen until they return in July for more tapings. Jones had been swelling a tepidomania owned by Macdonald and Allen was beginning to receive jokes from Macdonald. "I'd write one funny line every 100 words," laments the show's manager, "with his new I don't think my material will be as funny."

Edited by Marsha Rodden

Perry: from 'mental void' to Trudeau



Sports

A little matter of Russian roulette

By Hal Quinn

You can only have one hero at a time I've discovered that.—Steve Podborski

Mount Whitehorn was deserted, with cloud-shadows wrapped around the bald peak above the treeline and nowhere where, hours earlier, the best downhill racers in the world had launched themselves to hurdle past spectators at 75 m.p.h., to be embraced by young women with blankets when they reached the bottom, 3,500 yards and less than two minutes later. Preparations for the furious moments had begun a month earlier when Canada, and Lake Louise, were granted their first-ever World Cup skiing event thanks to a last-second cancellation in France. The spectators and press were gathering in anticipation for the final race of the season had begun then too, because Mount Whitehorn was the home mountains of Ken Read, who trailed only Peter Mueller of Switzerland as World Cup downhill points. A victory by the home-town hero and a few finish by Mueller would give Read

the World Cup downhill crown—something no Canadian male has ever won. The young girls with their OUN KEN READ RAN ALL THE SPEED BARRIERS arrived at the finish line 10 minutes after the race had started. They were too late. It had already been decided.

It is a strange and enforcing sport, demanding skiing ability that the average skier can barely imagine remarkable courage, since disaster is constantly coiled; a measure of madness, attested by the European press racenamer for the Canadian team, "the crazy Canucks," and the lack of a gambler with a wife and kids to support. Ask Austrian Franz Klammer, after eight World Cup downhill wins in 1975 and one Olympic gold medal in 1976, the undisputed downhill king of all the mountains began slowing down. Friends and coaches say it all started after his brother Klaus fell in a race and was paralyzed, others say his decision to switch to ski in 1977 (for a rumored \$750,000 to be collected when he retired) was the beginning of the end of his reign. It may have ended in Whitehorn last week. On the snow-swept, frigid final training



Real training and (next) Podborski getting feet and a gambler's luck.

run, Klammer (now ranked ninth in the world) entered the difficult S turns, after the "pinch," which gives the skiers their highest speed on this course. Klammer's ski caught, cartwheeling him, before he finally slid to a stop. Read in and the snow from a crash on his arm, stretched ligaments in his right knee derailed a stretcher ride to the bottom.

Or ask Read himself, after the Olympics, or after Lake Louise. At Lake Placid last month, the brooding of one ski released after he had barely begun the race. "It's just the luck of the sport," he said then. His coach, John Ritchie, said: "The binding shouldn't have released. Perhaps a little ball of snow hit the heel of the ski. At that speed, that's all it takes."

The danger, madness and lack of the downhill racing turned Read's home

town of Calgary and the resort of Lake Louise into a watery pressure cooker last week. Billion-dollar top-window and retirement signs whirled him back, the full anatomy applied to international proportion by his World Cup wins this season at Kitzbühel and Wengen. Better said ("I just won front-bite on my feet, but on my knees too," said Canadian racer Dave Murray) and fresh snow—the curse of the Canadian team—greeted Read's hopes in the training runs. "I'm just praying for clear skies and serene temperatures," he said on the eve of the race. His prayer was answered, but the Swissan modern of drawing starting positions clouded any hope of canceling Mueller.

Fresh snow on the course meant that the first ones down the mountain would be slowed by it, as they packed it down for those who would follow. Read drew starting position No. 4, better than Murray's No. 2 but terrible compared with Italian Herbert Plank's 32 and Podborski's 14. "When I drew four, I knew it was almost impossible for me to win, but I've had the luck of the draw on me too," said Read. He came down in one minute and 33.99 seconds. Plank, the winner, almost two seconds faster. Podborski was 63/100ths of a second quicker than Read, but in this sport where hair's-breadth miscalculations result in stretcher rides and a falling of fresh snow cause splits of 10ths of a second delay, Podborski's time meant fourth place. Read's eighth Mueller finished 14th, but because Read did not win, that was enough for Mueller to win as World Cup downhill champion.

Though unprovoked ("The snow didn't help, the start position didn't help, and the pressure didn't help"), so the estimated 11,500 spectators filing to cars

and buses. Read was still a dancing, handsome, multi-faceted local hero. "I read about a ski jumper I finished eighth in the world today. How many Canadians do we have that can finish eighth in the world in anything?" It was one of his wistful flashes of the year, but now I've ended up second in the World Cup downhill, and no Canadian male has ever won a World Cup medal before. If some people think I choked, then maybe they have to follow the sport a little more, and get some understanding of it."

Deamster Dave Irwin understands. He finished 12th, to take some of the sting away from his bad luck and felt this season Murray too knows, finishing 21st, all of 1.71 seconds behind Read ("Ah, you win some, and lose a lot," he said). But few knew the fickle-ness of the downhill game better than Podborski. He had a victory wiped out by rain this season, but whenever he has kept his skin or has not fallen. Podborski has usually finished third or fourth. Yet even his bronze medal at Lake Placid was eclipsed by the story of Ken Read being a ski. When asked about the effect of the conditions on the Lake Louise course, Podborski responds using "W," describing the effect on the team. Asked if he was pleased with the results of the race, he asks in turn, "Do you mean for the team, or personally?" Asked if it bothered him that despite being the top Canadian in the last two big races, the spotlight remains as Read, he replies "Well, that's the way it is. All I do is ski race, I don't write the stories. Ken obviously has been a winner for a number of years, he's a good skier and a personality. You can't take anything away from him." Reminded

Mueller embraced by women and blankets.



that he too is a good skier and a personality, Podborski says. "Well, we have a good team. I really good team, and that's part of it."

Podborski may have centre stage of the Canadian downhill skiing world next season. Read is contemplating quitting and will decide in the spring if he wants to stay in the sport. The nationality ("It makes me more interested"), the ending of a two-year cycle for the team ("What kind of changes are they going to make? The best would be no changes at all. But we might lose Hans Kappeler because they've made no effort to win him back"), and the nature of World Cup downhill racing staff ("This business costs a fine line. It was a year of my life to finish second. Mueller finished in the top three, three times, all wins. I finished in the top three, three times—two wins and a second by 4/10ths of a second. That was the difference!").

Indeed it is a strange sport, one that thinking spectators, or young girls putting the finishing touches on a banner, may miss one that requires the technology of Oregon or Texas. It is a sport to share into its component parts, and one in which the athletes are almost totally dependent on the companies that supply their equipment. "We had a weird combination of size and was for this size," said Podborski. Read agreed that the Canadian team had come up with a "pretty good mix." Adding an ironic laugh, he said, "You'll notice that the Fischer skiers were all about the same, and there was one skier on Rossignols. He won."

For Coach John Ritchie, the growing need of equipment, the "dirt" "hundreds of thousands of dollars" role in the Canadian team's \$260,000 budget, is tragic. "The sad thing to me is that it's a 'lot' race, every race. The companies have that much more to say. And that much more of a vested interest. It's only happened over the last couple of years, but I think the main reason was why Franz Klammer won 25 downhill was because he had the fastest ski. It has become as sophisticated that now companies have a huge influence. Teams that are supposed to be 'national' teams. Now we're really a 'Fischer racing team' and a 'Canadian racing team.'"

And so the banners are down, the hillside changed, the mountain quiet again. Read ponders his future and his potential marketability in Europe, his teammates. "It's about a year ago," says Podborski will do some cycling and "a lot of Winterdust." Fitz forget about snow—for about a month. Murray, disappointed with his season, has a lot to think about too. "I'll go to Whistler, B.C., and get out in some skiing," he says. "But really, I'll just try to continue enjoying life. It's not that tough."



Business

Tempest in a trust

By Colin Mackay

Arthur Sturges, chairman of Quebec's second-largest trust corporation, first spotted Toronto-based Sterling Trust Corporation as a list of Canadian financial institutions—the trust company closest alphabetically to his own. Although their markets were as separate in distance and character as Griffin and Titus, the small, blue-chip Ontario company became a kind of private publisher against which the eldest son of one of Quebec's wealthiest families measured the performance of his own trust company.

The imaginary rivalry comes to an end this week when Trust Général completes its takeover of Sterling for shares and cash worth more than \$20 million—and to gain a long-sought springboard for expansion into Ontario and Western Canada. But shareholders will have no time to linger over their newly printed Trust Général shares—because in no time they will be asked to part with them again.

From January, Trust Général now funds itself the hatted, Wink II billion in assets, it is one of the last plans left for the pending in the Quebec financial world, where power plays have become as common in recent years as FOR SALE signs in Westwood. Although the tables could still be turned, the victor in a heated battle for control of Trust Général now appears to be Premier Group

Ltd., a financial conglomerate which plans a \$15-million offer for 50 per cent of the shares next week.

In the exclusive style of Quebec Business, Premier had a long-standing stake in Trust Général, sharing control personally throughout 1979 with the Bismarck family, the National Bank and with another giant real insurance conglomerate, Le Groupe La Laurentienne. Premier began to step up its holdings last fall, but what really upset this onetime outside was Trust Général's Sterling deal which increased the number of 70 shares by 50 per cent. By January, both Premier and Laurentienne were holding up the price of Sterling and Trust Général stock to unheard-of levels, while each had added half of the National Bank's 70 holding.

As the battle showed no sign of cooling off, it came to look a bit like an argument between two stubborn children who won't let go of the same toy. But the game carried more than the usual rules. Trust Général has a clause in its charter preventing any shareholder from voting with more than 10 per cent of its stock—a situation that would prove uncomfortable for Premier (which now has almost 50 per cent of

Webster (left) and Potvin head office children children running on pins

Trust Général stock compared with an estimated 20 per cent for Laurentienne) if its opponent refuses to back down. Said bank analyst Victor Katschuk of Montreal Young Weir Ltd. "They are both running on pins. Neither wants to concede a word."

Certainly, there is more than a little pride on each side. Premier is run by Louis Webster, brilliant son of the late Montreal Mayor and vice-chairman of the Montreal Expos, who built from scratch the Premier empire with assets of \$450 million. On the other side, Laurentienne, which purchased control of Imperial Life Assurance Co. from Power Corp. of Canada Ltd. three years ago, has assets of \$1.5 billion and is headed by the enormously influential and ambitious Jean-Marie Potvin.

Throughout January Premier was eyeing its opponent nervously, with a view to backing out of the bidding war if it grew too expensive. That changed when it scored a decisive coup late in the month by buying a 10-per-cent block of the company from the Potvin family of Toronto, which formerly controlled Sterling. Robert Bennett, president of Sterling, and the family became concerned that one of the Quebec giants would buy out the other and the Potvins would be "left out in the cold."

Accordingly, Bennett met with Serge Rocheland, executive vice-president of Premier, at 6 a.m. at Toronto International Airport and, before boarding a plane for Florida, agreed to negotiate the sale of the stock. Although officials of Premier are privately claiming victory, they are not ruling out the possibility of a last showdown with Laurentienne. Rocheland, however, is optimistic that Laurentienne will give up gracefully and will not attempt to wield equal power by exercising the 10-per-cent clause. After waving "to beaver years" in the open market, he notes philosophically, it would hardly become two grown-up companies to continue to "fight around the table."



Sturges's Bennett chief of the gold

Sex and the single investor

David Hellwell is a cautious man. As president of the cash-strapped British Columbia Resources Investment Corp. (BCRIC), he showed his single caution last week by playing nearly 60 per cent of BCRIC's investment capital into stable shares of two of B.C.'s most steady and reliable resource companies—purchasing about 30 per cent of MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., the for-

est products giant, and an option on about 20 per cent of Kaiser Resources Ltd., the coal producer, both based in Vancouver. In two quick deals, Hellwell will own an estimated \$20 million from the stock: key of \$300 million, Hellwell brought to an end months of speculation and criticism over his handling of the lethargic BCRIC investment strategy—with the unfortunate assessment in many quarters that last week's acquisitions have all the accents of Canada Savings Bonds Created last year by the largest share offering in Canadian history, most now appears to some investors as a risk, but leader,



Hellwell (left) and Bennett (right) coupling up

BCRIC's MacMillan purchase meant coming up to Canadian Pacific Investments, largest holder of MR stock and a longtime potential take-over suitor for the factory plant. Negotiations between Hellwell and the B.C. government, began three weeks before the announced deal and were hampered throughout during two subsequent Vancouver meetings. Some were surprised to see Hellwell wade into the MR current still bloody from the 1978 share offering.

But Bennett and Sturges, during the move on MR was blocked by Bennett's directors of "BC is not for sale." To others, it merely confirms what they already take for granted about BCRIC's political mandate—although Hellwell was apparently ignored last week to see Bennett decline at a press conference that BCRIC's corporate decisions conformed with Social philosophy. BCRIC's only business, Hellwell insists, is to make money for its shareholders.

If Hellwell was relatively easy, hardened Kaiser Resources President Edgar Kaiser Jr. was more reticent, turning down an initial Hellwell sale 30 days before the eventual sale of the deal before releasing and setting in terms in two grinding late-night sessions.

The companies involved seem happy with BCRIC's high-priced courtship, but mixed reviews from investment circles and shadowed continued controversy over just what role B.C.'s unique creation should be playing in the marketplace.

Thomas Hopkinson

Good things come in small packages

It was no run-of-the-mill ribbon-cutting that is a ceremony symbolic of the event. Last week's inauguration of Northern Telecom Canada Ltd. (NTC) opened through a microscope and daily added two strands of low-fibre glass. Thus completing a video optical and closing a deal with Saskatchewan Telecommunications that would open of a new site in the communications industry.

Last week's announcement that Northern Telecom would receive \$20 million to supply cable and equipment to the world's largest fibre-optics network, socked the Canadian high technology corporation into the forefront of the burgeoning fibre-optics industry. Fibre optics is a system of tiny, clear glass tubes that send coded light signals at a rate of 45 million

per second. Its countless applications include the first use of fibre-optic communications, cellular-telephone, home banking and computer data. In 1984, it is a low-cost, 500 mbps per second. The fibre will be installed along 2,000 miles, using combinations of 500 or more fibre-optic cables.

Northern Telecom is already expecting

See Jeff picks fibres while Coby looks on. Most that just ribbon-cutting



the world to set up and take calls now that it has added such tremendous bandwidth as from Toronto, Minneapolis, New York, New York, and Chicago. A Canadian and Philips Communications Ltd. says: "There have been a number of smaller fibre-optic installations, but nothing of this magnitude. Within the next year the market will open up and the Saskatchewan deal should be substantial in opening the door for us."

The executive's order was scarcely dampened by rumors that Northern Telecom only landed the deal after it promised to build another plant in Saskatchewan where it now employs more than 100 people. Proceeding considerations of work-alike declined to comment. Don Coby, who is responsible for Sask. Tel., would do no more than promise an announcement in three months. After all the fanfare about technological breakthroughs, it was clear that the old-fashioned land of communications hadn't changed a bit.

Dale Elder

Open season on the Mafia

By William Lawlor

Asthey Ruse was a cat burglar as a kid. That's why they called him Little Pussy even after he grew up to be a Mafia boss. The trouble was, as Joe Wex, the four-foot, seven-inch alleged numbers racketeer, put it, "Pussy never learned to stop perring." He loved to brag and beg. He talked to strangers in bars, even to reporters. And that in turn explains why, after Mafia godfathers learned that the U.S. government was launching a mammoth campaign to collect evidence against them, Ruse was found in his New Jersey apartment shot four times in the head.

His voice will still be raised this week, however, as police recordings from bugs and wiretaps are played in a Trenton, N.J., court, where the state attorney-



Galante's blood-soaked body (top) and funeral pious, and Marcellino (below). Pussy never learned to stop perring.

general is bringing charges of extortion, robbery and murder against a Mafia family and trying to prove once and for all that the Mafia—described in the indictment as a "criminal organization and by its members to commit crimes and maintain power over rivals and victims"—really exists.

In turn, however, that case is only part of a nationwide crackdown, the biggest the government has ever waged against organized crime. In New York last week eight alleged mobsters were indicted for criminal contempt by a grand jury investigating the murder of Carmine Galante, the so-called "boss of bosses," as he munches on a green salad and a cigar in an Italian restaurant in Brooklyn last July 13.

Police now say that Galante was set



up by his own top men. They further believe that the job was actually carried out by underworld soldiers from the real Mafia family run by 37-year-old Anselmo (Mr. O'Neill) Dellacrose. Dellacrose is said to have been taken over as the ultimate godfather. And the two Galante "cops" who are said to have fingered their boss, Nicholas Mangano, 57, and Steve Cannone, 46, have allegedly taken over Galante's most profitable operation—the smuggling of

heroin into the United States through Canada.

The criminal contempt charges were brought when the men refused last week to answer questions about Galante's murder and other crimes. Petrone had begged the Ravenna Social Club, Dellacrose's headquarters at 247 Marberry Street in New York's Little Italy. Further, they had rented a house opposite and filmed the going-on there on the day of Galante's murder. Within an hour of the shots being fired, they caught Cannone slandering outside the club talking with known gangsters from the Dellacrose mob. Yet Cannone's appearance before a grand jury was a charade. When asked what was discussed he replied, "I don't remember."

Galante is said to have been killed because he became greedy. He was trying to expand his criminal activities into the territory of other Mafia families and he was selling Mafia memberships at \$50,000 each and keeping it. He also wanted to recruit his attractive 26-

year-old daughter. Other godfathers were not ready for Wexner's life. The master plan against the Mafia has been ordered and is being directed by top chief William Webster, a former federal judge who has changed the bureau's entire approach toward crime. Under J. Edgar Hoover and in the years following his death, the FBI concentrated on solving "easy" crimes—interrate car thefts and "silverton" murders in order to present an impressive set of statistics each year. They kept away from the Mafia because investigating it cost a lot of money, and a great deal of manpower and generally resulted in few arrests and even fewer crimes solved.

Webster does not think that way. Encouraged by President Jimmy Carter and the justice department, he has rehabilitated agents into the Mafia and is running "string" operations against them similar to the "Abasco" paper he used

to catch Washington politicians taking bribes. As a result of one such operation last month, he discovered that the Mafia was planning a huge summit meeting in New Orleans to discuss the alienation of bondsmen that gave major organized crime families exclusive rights to operate in certain cities and regions. But, due to a judicial mix-up, evidence that the FBI knew about the summit leaked out in a court case, and the Mafia quickly called it off.

One of Webster's plots involving an insurance bribery case may, however, have implicated Carlo Marcellino, widely

reported as having been mixed up in the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Based in New Orleans, Marcellino, 50, claims to be a tamara salesman with some additional income through land investments. But the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans says Marcellino and his enterprises were generating more than \$500,000 a year in gambling activities alone as far back as the early 1960s. Untold millions more, according to the commission's recently retired director, Aaron Kohn, came from illegally owned bars, prostitution, professional burglar and bellhop,



Underworld figures Leonard DiStasio (left), Edward Lina (center) and Dellacrose (right) the alleged attorney's office, dead boss.

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narco and trafficking in stolen goods. At least three senior political figures from southern states are involved with Medellín in its latest activities.

Medellín has always been well known to southern politicians. Just in jail for a grocery-store bidup in 1992, he served less than five years of a move-to-14-year term because then governor G.K. Allen pardoned him. Historian Harry W. Haines has written that Allen's "per-

sonal following the direction of others became legend." He added that a subsequent governor, Earl Long, said that even when Allen was sitting in his office signing official documents a leaf blew to the window onto his desk "Allen signed the leaf."

Webster says that over the past two



Hermann: Canada was a proving ground

Casting a giant shadow

The first cast the shadow of a Soviet spy onto an opaque screen in Washington last week is a battery exercise in propaganda that nevertheless provided a rare glimpse into raw operations in the U.S. and Canada. Later in his counterespionage report declared that there are about 200 Soviet spies in Washington, 300 in New York (most of them attached to the United Nations) and at least another 300 scattered around the U.S. He also thought there are about 40 per cent of all Soviet diplomats in Ottawa are really KGB agents and that Moscow probably has about 200 others in Canada.

The espionage projects run by the Soviets against the U.S. and Canada appear only as blurry images—"they seem to use Canada as a proving ground, somewhere they can push up their top boys before sending them down here," said the official. Corollary, this was the pattern for the spy who appeared as a silhouette at the White House last week, identified as Rudolph Hermann, 49, a former colonel in the KGB—those notorious initials that stand for Komsomol (Soviet youth) and KGB (Soviet security) or State Security Committee.

Hermann is said to be short, stocky and tough-looking. His "weight for his 40-year-plus age." Agents had been following a known KGB officer working out of the Soviet embassy in Washington. They watched as he left a secret message in an old tin can below a table in a suburban park. A few hours later, Hermann came to pick it up. In the cluttered apartment, Hermann was startled and threatened with a lifetime in jail unless he agreed to become a double agent, and for many years he played that highly dangerous role.

Then last fall his operations scrambled. Hermann's 21-year-old son home for a scheduled wedding. The wedding had been about signs of Moscow's resurgence—and the unshaded Hermann, his wife and two sons are hiding. Since then he has undergone plastic surgery and is now living near a new identity and a new life, somewhere in Michigan.

He said himself would be playing the shadow spy — a shadow so that his new

neighbors will not recognize him—as part of the post-Afghanistan propaganda offensive the U.S. government is now conducting. Speaking through a microphone that shielded his East European accent, Hermann said how he and his family were introduced into West Germany in 1958.

In 1962 they emigrated to Canada and, for the next six years, lived in Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal before finally moving to the United States in 1968. While in Canada, Hermann ran a small photographic business as a front for his real work—gathering economic and political intelligence and it believed, scouting other agents.

Their names have been passed to the KGB and one is understood to be that of Hugh Downs, member of a 62-year-old economics professor at Laval University in Quebec. Hermann has admitted providing economic information to the Soviets but says that he was never paid and that he never provided classified or sensitive information.

Hermann said he despises them, sometimes written in code and in Russian ink, in letters addressed to various "front offices" in West Germany and France. After moving to the U.S. he continued in a photographic order and he had to "put close to leading politicians."

In the last 25 years, 21 diplomats from the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and China have been ordered to leave Canada for suspected espionage in addition to several other spies have been quietly kicked out of the country. But the shadow cast by Rudolph Hermann is a long one.

William Lowther

decades the Mafia has successfully infiltrated legitimate big business, labor unions and, in some cases, politics. The rise in new investigation allegations is that the International Brotherhood of Teamsters has used its pension fund to finance Mafia projects and greed justice in St. Louis and Kansas City are investigating allegations that gambling associations in Las Vegas are controlled by organized crime.

Meanwhile, tough-looking men with names de guerre like Nicky Tort, Johnny Trice and Pat Michael continue to parade through the nation's courtrooms like the rest from a law-enforcement movie. Back in New Jersey, a money-lender John Dugan is trying to bring 89-year-old Ruggieri (The Boss) Blando to trial on charges of ordering the murder of a fellow mobster and overseeing an extortion ring. Blando, who earned his nickname as a hoodlum in the 1950s, claims that he is "physically and mentally feeble to stand trial." But, says a New Jersey official, "He's strong enough to order a murder." ♦

A withering week for Jimmy

President Jimmy Carter would probably like to forget last week. It began with his extraordinary reversal in the United Nations over Israel's settlements in occupied Arab territory. Then, in quick succession, Carter lost his first primary (in Massachusetts) to Senator Ted Kennedy by a margin of more than 2 to 1, saw his mentors for a federal judiciary rejected by the Sen-



Schmidt (left) and Carter (right) say?

ate judiciary committee (the American Bar Association said the nominee was "unqualified"), faced mounting criticism of his handling of the Iranian crisis (from CBS's 60 Minutes in a program that the White House tried to gag and, for the first time, from relatives of one

of the 83 American hostages), heard Pakistan reject his offer of military aid (it said it would have its foreign policy instead in close line to Muslim nations), watched his plans for a boycott of the Moscow Olympics begin to come apart (the British Olympic Committee made clear it would go to Moscow and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, after meeting Carter, showed no sign of unusual endorsement of the boycott), and stood by helplessly as interest rates climbed and the stock market plunged.

It was the repudiation of the US vote on the Israeli settlements, however, that seemed likely to have the most far-reaching effects. Carter said the vote against Israel resulted from a breakdown in communications between himself, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and UN Ambassador Donald McHenry. But Shapiro said Carter simply gave in to pressure from angry Jewish groups. Neither explanation was particularly flattering. The first recalled his old image as an incompetent in foreign affairs. The second made him seem merely grand. And Kennedy's victory attacked him on both counts. Although Carter suffered withering criticism, A Kennedy newspaper called him "a boy in Israel's hands... a coward," while the Iraqi radio asked: "What can you expect from a feeble president who has sold himself out to the Soviets?" The rebuttal in the weekend, even the Israelis failed to appreciate his gesture.

The flip move late last week to have much impact on the Massachusetts primary, but Carter suffered a jarring defeat anyway, losing 65 per cent to 35 per cent in the popular vote. Kennedy had always been expected to win his home state, but not by that much. Carter retrieved some ground by winning nearby Vermont and was a heavy favorite in primaries this week in his native Georgia and neighboring Florida and Alabama. But the Massachusetts result reflected that Kennedy's relentless attacks over mismanagement of the economy are beginning to tell.

While House aides were working feverishly last week on a package to soothe the country's economic troubles, it will be unveiled this week or next and will likely include a call for a balanced federal budget, but Carter himself has ruled out wage-price controls. There was a hint of grim mood at the end of the week, after the banquets (see page 42). But even that silver lining turned out to have cloud attached to it.

Tom Ugrasch

Was the Republican rule still a disaster? George Bush won with just 41 percent of the vote with his campaign John Bushman a surprisingly strong pro and Ted Kennedy's strong support. Michael Dukakis who finished a poor fourth, withdrew from the presidential race the following day.

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The variation of an enigma



Winner Mugabe (inset), labeled support as a stunning vote for radical change

"O my God," said the Salisbury newspaper as the nationwide television broadcast ended. "It just can't happen, it can't. What a disaster!" And her face fell into her hands. "It" was the overwhelming victory of "Gumbo" Robert Mugabe in Rhodesia's historic election last week, a stunning vote for radical change not anticipated even by Mugabe's own party. 57 of the 90 black seats in the first parliament of the new state of Zimbabwe.

But it was a disaster only in the eyes of the 300,000-strong white minority, many of whom virtually revered the self-declared Marxist ex-governor leader as the symbol of the final white defeat in Rhodesia. Foreign consulates and liaison offices were soon swamped with inquiries about visas and work permits. Airlines and travel agencies booked hundreds of calls for one-way bookings. But blacks were euphoric. With its message of the announcement, hundreds of thousands took to the streets of Salisbury to celebrate, finally, the end of 90 years of white domination.

The strength of feeling behind the demonstrations, like that which underlay the Mugabe victory, seemed to come out of nowhere. Certainly, in terms of

Rhodesia's nationalist movement, Mugabe was an enigma, almost a cult figure. A carpenter's son and former devotee Roman Catholic, he was a late-comer in the leadership sweepstakes, not emerging as a major force until 1975, and then more as a creation of the few African frontier presidents (Angels, Botswana, Mosambique, Tanzania, Swaziland) than the choice of the people.

He had paid his dues—10 years in detention, government harassment and five years of exile. His colleagues Joshua Nkomo and Ndabaningi Sithole. Yet Mugabe, 54, spent most of his career in the background, a withdrawn intellectual with six degrees from universities in five nations as credentials, intense and far from charismatic in the opinion of African tradition. Mugabe's claim he was first "radicalized" during his college days at South Africa's Fort Hare University—a post-colonialist thought for white South Africans, who were treated as a major rash of Marxist propaganda after the election. But the major influence on his political philosophy was the late radical Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, where Mugabe spent two years as a teacher. The Ghanaian influence persists in the firm of his *Amos-brother* wife, Ruby, also a successful candidate last week.

In the end, however, his difference made no difference. Of the once rival black parties, only three won seats. Former prime minister Bishop Abel Muzemba narrowly won his own and two others.

Mugabe's Patriotic Front co-leader, Joshua Nkomo, took 30, meaning that the new parliament will be composed mainly of supporters of these two week-rivals and his 800th's Rhodesia Front, which was allotted 30 seats.

In other words, Mugabe will be able to do anything he wants, including scrapping the constitution and starting over again. Yet his first act as prime minister-designate was a nationwide broadcast that was surprisingly conciliatory. He pledged not to overhaul the civil service and Rhodesia's comparatively advanced infrastructure, and suggested he would allow private property and even continue relations—though not sports relations—with South Africa. As a result, by the end of the week many whites seemed to have shed their early panic, though in true white Rhodesian tradition the reaction was "We'll wait and see."

Mugabe's moderation was only in part for internal consumption, however. Western powers, especially Britain, rightly made it clear that the massive doses of aid needed to rehabilitate more than one million war victims and the ravaged countryside might depend on his "sense of responsibility." There has also been pressure from Mosambique's President Samora Machel—Mugabe's host during the guerrilla years—and his frontline colleagues to go slowly. Their own reconstruction will depend on stability and continued prosperity in Zimbabwe.

All this has had its effect and it may have been significant that, as they settled in for the transition period leading to independence—officially scheduled for the end of the month—Zimbabweans of all races were spending more time wondering if Prince Charles would come out for the ceremonies than on what Mugabe's central objective was planning.

Robin Wright

France

A success that's rather academic

The Institute of the Académie Française—that august body of literary scholars—deliberated on introducing the French language—has never tried to rush into things. Incorporated in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu and charged with producing a dictionary, it took more than 80 years to come up with the first edition. In the three centuries since, the pace has hardly picked up. Currently at work on the eighth revised edition, the 40 Academicians, as academicians are known, have set no date of publication, a wise move considering that—in 48 years since their last run through the

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Yacine: 'a dove in the rabbit hole'

alphabet—their examinations have progressed only as far as the letter P. Last week, however, the academy did get around to another decision which it has been badly debating for the past 565 years and six months. At the end of a tangential campaign, the *banquet* of the Museum Palace on Paris' Quai Conti shook with the news that a

woman—Marguerite Yourcenar, a 76-year-old respected French classicist and novelist—had finally been elected an Immortel.

French television featured it as a "historic event" and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing sent his congratulations. But not everyone rejoiced: was overjoyed. Three members of the academy (which includes playwright Eugene Ionesco and social scientist Claude Lévi-Strauss) marked their secret hostility with groans of protest and one left his black "A" woman as a woman simply has no place in the academy," bellowed 80-year-old Immortel Jean Guichon. "It is like putting a dove in the rabbit hole!" Roared his colleague André Chamson.

The academy has existed for 300 years without a woman. It will take another 260 to understand the importance of today's vote.

Though the academy's statutes have never barred the female sex, misogyny has ruled ever since the first academicians gathered in the 17th-century bedchamber of founder Peiresius, Comte de Wagram. When Comte acquired a wife, they changed their meeting place. Since then, they have rejected the likes of George Sand, Colette and a feminist named Françoise Parviret, whose challenge, in 1979, was rewarded with a snort.

Then the Immortals, half of whom were born before 1810, were little impressed when 55-year-old new boy Jean d'Ormesson, director of *Le Figaro*, championed Yourcenar last fall. Sentiment turned to vitriol that he was disrespecting women at the Académie. "Call it what you will," d'Ormesson said, "but it is a man's club and a leftist's refuge." (d'Ormesson is a harem and a noted conservative.)

To complicate matters, Yourcenar was born in Belgium of a French father and has lived since 1939 as an American citizen. In majestic isolation on the tiny islet of Mount Desert, just off the coast of Maine near the New Brunswick border last January, a special order of Justice Minister Alain Peyrefitte, himself an academicien, restored her French citizenship. But further to do promptly erupted over what she ought to wear to her investiture, where the Immortals traditionally parade in green velvet regalia with gilt braids, swords and tricorn hats.

Constar Jean Louis Scherrer went so far as to whip up a female variation, but from Mount Desert, Yourcenar—a serene Amazonian presence who is even to sweepstakes across in *Les Mots*—disdained the notion and declared herself "indifferent" to the election itself. (At the moment of victory, she was unavailable for comment—off on a Caribbean cruise to research Mayan ruins for her 10th book.)

All along there have been doubts that she would ever attend the weekly deliberations on the dictionary. Indeed, the prospect of her absence may have worked in her favor in the election. Certainly, so starkly were over made on the work of the woman of d'Ormesson called "the greatest writer in the French language." But the irony may be that Yourcenar was loaded for the "virility" of her style. Said academicien and art historian Maurice Rheims: "Madame Yourcenar is not a woman, but an object of worship, a goddess. Otherwise, I'm against women at the Académie." "Francine, it's a man's club and should remain one."

Maed McDougal

Western Sahara

Death in the desert sands

By David Beard

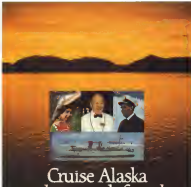
Drifting sand almost obscures the fragments of what was once a man. Starving dogs have scavenged an arm and the ankle in its shroud. Yet, resting on his back, submerging his head across its stomach, the figure would have an oddly peaceful air if it were not for the face. Twisted, desiccated, it suggests something of the agony of one soldier's last moments and of the larger anguish of two peoples locked in a non-forgotten war. His grave in the desert, near a gutted raft guarding ancient Saharan caravan routes. The low, crisscrossed walls and sun-blessed wilderness are straight out of *Braveheart*. But the ravine cuts there, the corpse is that of a Moroccan soldier killed by Polisario Front guerrillas. His king, Hassan II, sent him and at least 45,000 of his fellows to the phosphate-rich former Spanish Sahara in a bid to smother the guerrilla movement fighting for the independence of the 174,000-square-mile territory. But, ever bolder, the Polisario last week were engaged in yet another fierce battle after attacking a Moroccan force.

Hassan claims the Sahara by historical right. But after four years of war he controls only a handful of settlements. Elsewhere, he is dislodged, and a territory dedicated, 10,000 to 15,000 guerrillas by Algeria and Libya—now al-

lert peace of what looked very like the deaths still turned the tide. On Thursday at what was intended to be their last meeting with Gheddafi, the commission was pressed to convene for a few more days while the Revolutionary Council got to work. And by some strange coincidence, as a commission spokesman announced the change of plan, the militants were broadcasting their willingness—and very strong commitment—from the audience—to give up their charges.

In Washington, the White House remained publicly cautious. Press Secretary Judy Powell said the U.S. was watching the situation. "To see what happens next." And in the end he couldn't resist to have been advised by the first U.S. ambassador in events in any case. There had been little talk about the hostages, and from this embassy would mean their early release. But the Revolutionary Council has maintained all along that the parliament to be elected next month would decide their fate. And they insist, as Gheddafi put it, "I am the president of the Saharans."

James Fleming



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New hosts for the hostages?

After 135 days of suspense, it seemed as if a breakthrough might be near. No less a personage than Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghorbandeh announced last week that the 52 American hostages in the U.S. embassy were to be handed over by their militant captors to the custody of Iranian revolutionary authorities and allowed to a new location. The Americans' militant militant captors reactively announced their consent—and all seemed set for a major step toward the hostages' freedom.

But then things started to go wrong. First, militants accused Ghorbandeh of lying when he claimed the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini had consented to the move and now he would not be acceptable as a go-between. Then Ghorbandeh admitted that he had no specific order from the Ayatollah merely the inner's general authority, given to this

Revolutionary Council to deal with the situation, and finally Khomeini himself weighed in with a statement whose apparent meaning calculated to freeze the hostages in the spot. He had given no order for their transfer, he said, and even leaving to parliament (which does not meet until late April) to decide their future. A student spokesman promptly said it was known that no one would be allowed to remove them from the embassy for the time being.

The news came at the end of a week which began deceptively bright. The warring U.S. government had been treated in its efforts to meet the hostages whose captors insisted that only a armed group could be entrusted, and then solely for the purpose of collecting further evidence against their slain and the U.S. When the hostages stuck to their conditions despite an appeal from the ruling Revolutionary Council, the five laymen from Algeria, France, Sri Lanka, Syria and Venezuela packed their bags checked out of their hotel and ordered their U.S. pilot to prepare for the flight back to Geneva.



Iranians demonstrate against any compromise with the U.S.—revolts hopes



Polio collection at Leblat (top left), a banned-out Moroccan tank (top right) and a young medical aide (bottom left) and a young Moroccan tank (bottom right) in uniform.



Polio collection at Leblat (top left), a banned-out Moroccan tank (top right) and a young medical aide (bottom left) and a young Moroccan tank (bottom right) in uniform.



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WESTERN SAHARA AND THE POLIO COLLECTION AT LEBLAT

most at will over large areas. Last year they claimed to have killed, badly wounded or captured close to 7,000 Moroccan troops. And recently, to mark the fourth anniversary of their Saharawi Democratic Arab Republic, the Polisario mounted an impressive display of military strength near Tindouf, southern Algeria, where nearly 100,000 Saharawi refugees live in 20 camps. Representatives from a host of governments witnessed a parade of smartly turned out guerrillas and tons of captured equipment while thousands of vividly robed Saharawi women greeted the display with their traditional shrill, clapping cries of joy which rose to a crescendo with the announcement that Israel had recognized the republic—the 36th country to do so.

One notable exception from the present list was the United States, which has chosen to show its support behind the guerrilla Moroccan forces. In a \$500-million deal, financed by Saudi Arabia, President Jimmy Carter is selling Moroccan 40-100mm reconnaissance planes, 20 F-5E-S fighters and 26 Hughes-300

helicopter gunships. One reason, apart from Western Sahara's huge phosphate exports, is that for all the corruption of his fratricide-style regime, Hassan has proved a staunch friend. The U.S. also argues that the arms, due to be sent in three months, will help restore a military balance in the region, thus encouraging Morocco to seek peace.

But there is no indication so far that Hassan has been persuaded to relax his stringent stance. Nor, as can be expected, is the Polisario buying the U.S. argument. In his anniversary address, Polisario Secretary-General Mohammed Abdel Aziz branded the U.S. move "senseless foreign intervention" and a loan figure in plain olive-green battle dress, he charged the aid was "more likely to fan the flames of war."

Even with American largesse, however, Hassan's ability to continue the war indefinitely is in question. Costing Morocco more than \$1 million a day, it has proved an economic disaster for the republic ever since it broke out in 1975, when Spain split the territory between Morocco and Mauritania (that August Mauritania worked out terms of peace with the guerrillas). In fact, U.S. intelligence experts have suggested that political unrest caused by economic hardship would topple Hassan from his throne within a year.

On the other hand, the dedication of Saharawis to their struggle for self-determination shows no sign of abating. This once nomadic people has demonstrated astonishing spirit in building from scratch a socialist-style community with new schools and hospitals. Asked if he ever yearned for a trip to another place, a young medical aide replied: "Why should I? We have so much here. Our only vices are tea and tobacco. The only thing my people care about is the liberation of their land."

In fact, the Saharawis' right to self-determination has been recognized both by the United Nations and the Organization of African Unity. But to foster more international support, they have been running a sophisticated public relations campaign and conducting some of the world's most bizarre tours. With other journalists, I travelled by Land Rover into the battle zones. Scores of burned-out Soviet-built T-54 tanks littered the bleak hills around a destroyed Moroccan base near Leblat in southern Morocco. Though barely 35 miles from a major Moroccan military post, we saw no sign of Hassan's forces.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUY LAWRENCE

"We've knocked out 11 of their planes. Now they don't dare fly low," laughed a guerrilla.

Further south at Makhden in the Western Sahara, the landscape was strewn with the evidence of another bloody battle. An unexploded US-made 50-pound bomb lay like a stranded whale not far from mounded bodies, grenades and empty Pepsi-Cola bottles. Commander Mahamed Lajmi (Lajmi) estimated that more than 1,000 Moroccans died in the taking of Leblat and Makhden alike. Squatting in the shade of a thornbush, the bearded 38-year-old who is one of nine members of the Polisario Revolutionary Council said: "More than 80 per cent of our arms have been captured from the Moroccans. They have no stomach for fighting. Never mind how many fighters we have—the capacity of a people is never measured by its number."

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Theatre

You've lost that Sussex feeling

While the real Pierre Trudeau sits back in his Ottawa office pondering his next disguise, Linda Griffiths has Toronto audiences cheering her "psychological factors" called *Maggie* and *Pierre*. Fastidious though this play would have been even without Trudeau's resurrection, recent events have transformed it into a tantalizing refresher course on the blinks of Canada's most enigmatic politician.

Clearly, this is an ordinary one-woman show. Griffiths, who wrote the script herself, is not content just to play Maggie, but takes on Pierre too, and Henry, a fictitious reporter. The result is a mock epic, the story of two feebly attracted idealists, a holy union of Canada's East and West, whose dreams of a just society are given the boot by the War Measures Act and the liberating frenzy of the Rolling Stones. After Maggie's exit, Pierre stands transfixed, "I'm in my bunker," as he tells Henry, not sure whether an irrational outburst would be the appropriate response to her ravings. Maggie, meanwhile, has the satisfaction of getting her emotional rocks off, but at a price. "You the woman who gave freedom a bad name," she sneers, both bitter and relieved that she has fallen apart on the job. If she can't make it with all her "privileges," where, Maggie asks, does that leave all those other liberated young career women, staffing their children full of septuagenarian after a harrowing day at the office? At McDonald's, of course, where Henry sees the obnoxious PM for the last time, seeing out kids over a Big Mac.

The finger-wag anti-changes push Griffiths' setting shifts to the front lot, as she passes the shifting gears become a natural process. Only the intrusive presence of Henry, who comes across like a hack fresh off *The Front Page*, complicates her performance, detracting from her brilliant impersonations of the central characters. Sexy, talented and filled with enough energy to make Petrarch obsolete, she deserves picked horses now at Theatre Passe Muraille and when she battles the Trudeau in Saskatoon and Vancouver this spring as well as Ottawa and Montreal in the fall. Griffiths has drilled deep into the frozen Canadian psyche and uncovered a valuable natural resource—herself.

Mark Caracacki

Here comes number one.



JOHNNIE WALKER SO SMOOTH IT'S THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE SCOTCH.



Life and death ethics

By Sidney Katz

In the past two years a Vancouver man has battered his wife, hit a professor with his car, and caused a serious subdural accident. During each incident he was drunk, so he often is. Should a law be passed to restrict this man—and other uncontrolled drinkers—to take treatment for alcoholism?

A few months ago a young Montreal man confronted Dr. Jacques Lorrain in the office at the infirmary clinic of Saint-Georges Hospital. "We want a baby

but my wife is barren. We're ready to pay a woman to be artificially inseminated with my semen and then turn the baby over to us. Will you arrange it?" Later, Lorrain confessed, "It's the first time I've had such a request. I'm going to need help to figure that one out."

It is bewilderingly common today for doctors, lawyers, journalists, engineers and businessmen to encounter ethical problems they need help in figuring out. With the decline of the church as the

Rush: rush of new ethical dilemmas

traditional source of moral issues many professionals, baffled and uninitiated, handle moral problems on an ad hoc basis or try to ignore them. But the issues that have reached public attention in recent dramatic cases—the Karen Ann Quinlan euthanasia trial, Watergate, the leaking nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island, the RCMP violations of privacy, the abortion trials of Montreal's Dr. Henry Morgentaler, the marketing of dangerous consumer products—will not go away. Answer, or at least responses, have to be found. Yet realistically, says Michael Bayles, director of the University of Western Ontario's Institute for Ethics and Human Values, "a doctor, say, can't take six months off to ponder what he should or shouldn't do when confronted by a moral issue in his daily practice. We're here to do that job. And we can really help."

Bayles, a 35-year-old philosopher, is a new kind of late-20th-century specialist: an ethicist. The author of five textbooks and 40 articles dealing with ethical conduct has been director of the London institute since it opened eight months ago. "The ethical institute is an idea whose time has come," he says, adding that the rush of new ethical dilemmas—such as trying to sort out the good from the evil caused by forced sterilization or nuclear reactors—has caught us unprepared because of rapid advances in medicine, science and technology. In a country with few widely accepted moral guidelines and fewer still wise men to turn to, it is perhaps comforting to find that ethics has become a growth industry: there are now four ethics institutes in Canada, none of them more than four years old, and at least a half-dozen smaller centers in universities across the country.

All of the groups plan to send delegates to a national meeting in Calgary April 14 to 16. "The idea is to make sure we're not duplicating each other's work," says Edmund Lee, director of the Calgary Institute for the Humanities, which is hosting the conference to be followed in May by another one, this time focusing on doctor-patient ethical problems. "In my daily practice I frequently face moral dilemmas and I have nobody to consult about them," says Dr. Murray Waldman, a Toronto family physician. "There's a crying need for a resource of this kind."

Richard Tiberius, a psychologist who lectures on ethical issues at University of Toronto medical faculty, appreciates Waldman's plight. "When a general practitioner runs into a problem beyond his area of competence—it's say it's a heart problem—he can depend on the expertise of a cardiologist. Why shouldn't that same doctor have an ethics institute available to him when

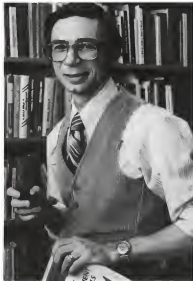


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Megawatts, the garden variety

In Germany, the wrinkled and weary look into bearded faces of men, meeting post men, trusting that health and vitality are restored by its organic wealth. In Canada, whose post boys are sowed in size only to those of the Soviet Union, its enormous properties, as far have benefited only gardens and peat flowers. But now, Hydro-Québec is preparing to turn peat into electricity for the first time in North America. The Soviet Union, Ireland and Finland already find generating stations with peat. Using the Finnish technology as a model, Hydro-Québec has concluded that peat-fired stations are technically feasible at least in Quebec's Les St. Jean region and probably in two other areas where peat is abundant.

Essentially the same as garden-variety peat moss, peat fuel is cut from a depth of about five feet in frozen bogs and then dried outdoors until half its water is eliminated. It is used to fire conventional boilers which produce steam to turn electricity generators. So-



Peat being collected in Finland, some modest alternatives to atomic reactions

viet officials recently cleared their peat plants produce 6,000 megawatts of power every hour—the equivalent of three Paksim-type nuclear reactors. But the first Canadian peat-powered generator is likely to be a small and unique system installed, perhaps by June, 1981, on huge Anticosti Island in the St. Lawrence estuary. The new system, supervised by Hydro-Québec engineer Adrien Michels, uses a diesel generator powered by peat which is converted into gas by heating it with limited amounts of oxygen. The system could also be fired by regular diesel fuel

or wood converted into gas, but will be the first, anywhere to truly peat. Its atomic alternatives restrained by a provincial moratorium on nuclear energy, Hydro-Québec has created a committee to evaluate peat power and other electrical conversions of organic matter such as wood waste and municipal garbage. A plan to fuel a generating station with Montreal's garbage already exists but, lamented Michels, "for the moment it costs less to bury it than to burn it." Unfortunately, these modest alternatives are unlikely to do much to stave off an electric future. Quebec's nuclear expires in 1981, well before peat or any other power can be proven effective.

David Thomas

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And the dream goes on

A s time goes on it seems to get harder to do. Whereas Edison needed only his torch, medieval alchemists required the elusive Philosopher's Stone and modern physicists have turned to multi-million-dollar atom-smashers. Even so, the prospect is so desirable that it has hardly without conscious defeat. Tackling the fever is so high that if you casually mention the possibility of turning lead, chrome and copper into a substitute for industrial gold, you are likely to make a lot of new friends quickly. Within two weeks of the appearance of a letter mentioning just that possibility in *The New York Times* last month, a U.S. firm which is developing a modern variation of the alchemist's dream received about 100 inquiries. The inquiries included Motorola, two large Japanese electronics companies, a prominent Canadian merchant bank and individuals who think they may have found an easy way to get rich on the next boat to El Dorado. This may be understandable enough, given the heat of the present gold fever, but the process is eight years old, the dream is giving the ship a second wind.

The Connecticut firm of Sowers, Lewis and Associates, a product development company, had given up on the project, says its managing director, James Sowers. But in January, when *The Times* ran a light article on unbreakable magnets that the Soviets had found a way to turn lead into gold for \$200 an ounce using an atom-smasher called a cyclotron, Sowers decided it was worth a shot. He wrote to the office that he could manufacture super-matter—a material he says could replace more than 90 per cent of the gold and other precious metals used by industry—for \$300 to \$400 per pound. With wedding rings costing more than some housepaints, the letter was destined to raise hopes, eyebrows, and maybe some capital.

The group of materials Sowers calls super-matter has been around for a while as a cyclotron byproduct usually considered to be of little value. The byproduct consists of certain isotopes of elements with slight variations in atomic



A 17th-century apartment (above) and Sowers: raising hopes and raising capital




them to replace gold and silver in jewelry, printed circuits and other delicate equipment. Mixed with aluminum they could reduce the weight of transmission cables by a third. Pure forms of isotopes are needed, however, and until the physicist came up with his secret process only economically exorbitant cyclotrons could separate the isotopes from the mass found in nature. Fresh from the cyclotron, super-matter costs \$150,000 to \$200,000 an ounce. Ten years ago one could have put up a pilot plant for \$100,000, says Sowers. Now he estimates it could cost \$500,000. Because so one has put up the money, not as much of super-matter has been produced except by cyclotrons.

Before Sowers' firm gave up on the process, he consulted with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, Texas Carlsbad and several other major corporations. Edward Sowers, now director of the material sciences division of the U.S. department of energy, thinks he recalls why the government did not show more interest in the process: "We found it just did not hold technical water." Sowers' best recollection is that the firm failed to show that super-matter's remarkable properties were due to its isotopic purity and not to the presence of minute amounts of other chemicals.

Understandably, Sowers is unwilling to give out details of the process and anyone puts up the money for a pilot plant. But he freely speculates that, besides its uses in electronics, the formula could result in—among other wonders—car batteries as light and efficient they would make possible pollution-free electric autos. Unless further testing is done, however, modern-day would-be alchemists may never know whether super-matter is a super or doesn't really matter. Says Sowers: "If there were something to it, companies would have paid it up and made money like mad." Perhaps that is a new criterion for the once-optimal discipline of alchemy now, if you really had the Mada too, you would have become a wholly owned subsidiary.

David Wolshberger

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Health

A fat theory gains weight

It is one of life's ironies that some people can consume their own weight in French pastry without gaining an ounce while others can put on weight just by inhaling deeply near a doughnut factory. And although the fat-prone person is often heard to say, "I don't overeat, it's just that my metabolism is so slow," conventional medical opinion still holds that eating habits, reactions to stress and amount of exercise are the real determinants of how much of what



Hans-Ulrich Magnus Scouring up food in the cold

we eat gets turned to fat. But recent discoveries by a Canadian scientist may go a long way toward explaining why the overweight person's excess could be right. There is even hope the explanation will open a cure for certain types of obesity.

Fat is stored food that has not been turned into energy. Besides white fat, there is also brown fat, colored that way because it contains many more mitochondria—the "factories" or "powerhouses" of cells—than its paler cousin. David Foster of the National Research Council in Ottawa two years ago showed that when rats are cold their brown fat cells produce heat at a tremendous rate, burning up food rather than storing it. This spurred Jean-Henri Haguen, chairman of the department of biochemistry at the University of Ottawa,

to examine a strain of genetically obese mice which don't survive cold as well as normal, lean mice. What he found, was that their brown fat cells were not functioning well, and this led to the theory that certain forms of obesity may be the result of malfunctioning brown fat cells which cause the animal to store food as efficiently as normal animals burn it up.

Of mice but of men? It had been thought that only as infants do humans have brown fat, but while no one knows how much brown fat there is in adults, work done at St. George's Hospital Medical School in London, England, has shown that adult humans produce heat in just those areas of the body where brown fat cells might be expected. The next step is to find a way to stimulate their growth or to sustain on the defec-

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Anthropology

Battle of the top bananas in the monkey debate

"Monkey business is hot business," chortled John Fleagle of the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Fleagle might be hot but he's been testing the hottest monkey of all, *Aegyptopithecus* naumii ("connecting ape of Egypt"), a true dweller that lived some 30 million years ago about 40 miles southeast of Cairo. And with publication this month in the respected professional journal, *Science*, of yet two more arguments in the continuing debate on human origins, monkey business should be heating up even more.

Elwyn Simons of North Carolina's Duke University, the leader of Fleagle's research group in Egypt, says *Aegyptopithecus* represents the oldest known common ancestor of both brown bears and the great apes. Although Simons first came across the remains of *Aegyptopithecus* 10 years ago, it was only last month that the team announced its conclusion about the ape, which was about the size of a house cat, weighed from eight to 12 pounds and had a cranial capacity of 30 cubic centimeters (compared to 1,400 for modern man).

But in some ways, as remarkable as the finding itself is the wide, general interest the 30-million-year-old remains of *Aegyptopithecus* have generated. Much of that excitement has been stimulated by Donald Johanson, director of scientific research at the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. Just over a year ago he became an overnight sensation when he announced that Lucy, a 3.2-million-year-old female skeleton he had discovered in northern Ethiopia, represented a new link in the chain of human evolution. Johanson claimed that the three-foot-tall seven-

handed chimp with a hairy body, ape-like head and bowed legs was the common ancestor of two well-established branches of hominids (ape men). One of those hominid branches, the *Australopithecus* line, became extinct; the other branch, *Homo habilis*, ultimately led to us.

Johanson's views challenged not only anthropological orthodoxy, but anthropology's reigning first family, the Leakeys. Mary, widow of the famed Louis Leakey, and her son, Richard (see

Aegyptopithecus (above), Johanson and Leakey: winners of clashing exhibitions



the basis of their discoveries in Kenya and Tanzania, both believe the crucial split between hominid branches occurred at least two million years earlier than Johanson postulated. To them, Lucy represents, at best, a variation of existing ape-like creatures, hardly a new species. Mary Leakey presented the work of Johanson and his colleague Tim White of Berkeley "not very convin-

cing." Hailed the younger Leakey, "I think that, as more information comes to light, this oversimplified interpretation will be abandoned."

So far, Johanson pretenses to be unimpressed by the Leakeys' firepower. "The people who have objected have never really understood me with their evidence," he says. "They've made charges from the lecture platform, or through newspapers. The proper forum would have been to know their objections to a scientific journal." This month Johanson finally got his wish as rival parties squared off in *Science*, the journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In the politely oblique language of scholarship, Mary Leakey suggests Johanson committed "errors" of terminology in dubbing Lucy a new species. Richard Leakey points out "ambiguities" in the work, and, in a rebuttal, Johanson responds that his detractors "fail to provide new information or constructive criticism."

Nevertheless, it is unlikely that only reasoned intellectual arguments will have much effect on this hot controversy. Richard Leakey, 35, and Johanson, 36, are clearly engaged in a struggle to determine monkeymen's top banana. Both men handle publicity deftly, with as much awareness of a good news story as a spectacular fossil find. A *Time* cover on Leakey was the magazine's best seller in 1971 and Johanson has himself just received one of the ultimate accolades of celebrity—a feature in *People* magazine. Leakey's most recent book, *People of the Lake*, was a best seller. Johanson has just submitted his new book on Ethiopian fossils to his publisher.

Both men have tried to patch over the

weakness of their clashing exhibitions. "Despite our controversy, Richard and I still are quite good friends," says Johanson gamely. But he convinces few of his fellow scholars. "Their differences of opinion really just boil down to personal preference," says Yale researcher Harlow Foss. "Everybody likes to think scientists behave differently but it just isn't true." Rita Christopher

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Saga (above), Streetheart, so-called rock that lives on from Cleveland to Cleveland



Music

Workingman's rock

There must have been something disquieting haunting in the California air while supergroups The Eagles and Pink Floyd were touring their current albums. *The Long Run* and *The Wall*. The titles tell it all. Though both albums are money-makers to soothe the pines of record companies battered by the slump of '79, corporate rock "fin-style" is up against it. Under the occluding veils of touring and creating fresh stars, and the growing boredom of those between 20 and 30 with its overpriced product, the star-making machinery itself is breaking down. The radio, long in tight control of the musicians who made it to the public ear, has loosened its play lists. As Gary Slaght, program director for q107, one of Toronto's two big FM stations, says: "We're playing a much

wider variety now, a whole bunch of new artists we would not have played even a year ago. People can hear Linda Ronstadt on the easy-listening stations and we felt there was a rock 'n' roll music in radio. A lot of the music we play now is right off the street."

This freeing up of the airwaves is beginning to have surprising side effects for Canadian rock, and not just the New Wave variety that has recently been capturing headlines. With its change in policy, the age of q107's biggest group of listeners has dropped from near 30 to the early 20s. rock's big discovery in 1980 is not a new sound, a new face or a new band, but a new audience. Finally revealed behind the demographic bulge of their older baby-boom siblings, teenagers are coming of age in a time of lim-

ited expectations, and they look for their music heroes on the streets close to home. What it takes to reach them is hard-driving, no-frills rock 'n' roll that can travel from Lethbridge to Cleveland, hitting every town in between. And since nobody's rock is as paradoxical and hard-traveling as Canadian rock, several Canadian bands have suddenly come face-to-face with their big break.

Take Rush for example. It has long been taken for granted that Rush's space mysticism, overwhelming lead guitar riffs and soprano vocals had won the band as many fans as it was ever going to reach. Having thrashed through Canada and the American Midwest year after year, hitting the mall towns and whole-steps, the biggest success Rush had ever achieved was selling a respectable 740,000 copies of their eighth album, *Hemispheres*, on both sides of the border. But now those young fans the band had worked so hard to please—playing teen idols on pages of cheap rock magazines like *Crest* while rock's magazines were pouring by their pools for *People*—have closed. What they like to play. Since its January release, Rush's ninth album, *Permanent Waves*, has been picked up and played on radio stations long remote to the band, and has even climbed into the Top 10 on mainstream record charts like *Rolling Stone*'s. And on their current tour, Rush is commanding as many as four nights running in sold-out halls in big cities like Detroit, St. Louis and Chicago.

The way to the top seems clear for

other hard-working Canadian groups, too. "Rock 'n' roll is starting all over again," says Garry Streatchuk, who isn't just being overly optimistic about his client, Streetheart, a guitarist. Regis has heard that his rise to hard-core status across Canada, with a gold and a platinum album and a devoted American release. Streetheart is typical of the Canadian rock advantage in the industry's current anti-trend: it can deliver fanatical young fans while working on a low budget. A perfectly terrible group by the virtue of the set standards of corporate rock, Streetheart's live shows are jangling displays of the overwrought, industrial-strength style critics have been calling dead since 1972. But delivered with the do-or-die conviction that middle-of-the-century teen-agers find irresistible, Streetheart's songs landed the band a contract with WEA Music of Canada and transmuted its debut album into Canadian gold by the end of 1979.

The musicians' big break, however, came late but fell when their American company refused to release their second album, *Under Heaven Over Hell*, and sent Streetheart back to the studio to cut *Under My Thumb*. This Rolling Stones reimagined hit from the mid-'60s was just infamous enough to attract the attention of American disc jockeys. The play won Streetheart a huge Canadian hit and gave it enough airplay in the U.S. to look for a tour. While Streetheart's shows are comparatively inexpensive (featuring some of the special effects, the smoke bombs and rocket ships dangled by big rock acts), transportation and equipment rentals still cost \$10,000 for each concert date, an amount often larger than the band's share of the gate. "The best we can do in Canada," says Streatchuk, "is to break even over the course of the year. That's including both record and ticket sales." Touring costs just as much in the U.S. but there Streetheart can reach a more densely packed audience, especially in the Midwest where heavy rock is a regional taste shared with Western Canada. Far chronically under-funded Canadian rockers such as an invasion of the American heartland has always been the formula for success. And all of a sudden, they have the edge on their American and British competitors—who have become just as cash-poor and are not at all used to it.

Spreading over at the other end of Canada's suddenly turbulent pool of rock bands, Saga is emerging out of Toronto, which has been the North American stronghold for the serious attack of Genesis and Supertramp. Where Streetheart takes its cues from the regional trend of Rush's great Midwest, Saga tends to that same hard's fan-



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growing European following. Sags had been banned for the long hall of high schools. But export sales of their first album, spurred by rave reactions in rock discos such as Munich's Sugar Shack, quickly climbed to 25,000 in Germany, Belgium and Holland. Their record company, Polygram, rushed the record into late European release last spring, selling another 30,000 and few Sags to Germany to appear on its top music show, Pop Rock.

What attracted continental kids to this Canadian band was not just the eclectic, ecstasie-drenched style of its synthesizers but its progressive, danceable beat, which enabled Sags to bounce buoyantly in the wake of German stars like Kraftwerk and Giorgio Moroder. The intensity of art-rock energized by the hectic of the band's own Toronto background, the music proved particularly popular throughout the industrial center of Germany. Released last November, Sags's second album, *Images of Twilight*, has already sold 50,000 copies and, while now hitting storming Canada in the company of another Toronto art-rock band, the Sags is preparing for a full European crusade already snapped out by the German promotion firm, Melts Concerts.

Confusion on the airwaves and depression on the concert circuit have threatened the joys of big acts and big scores until recently expected to dominate pop music forever. Bands long relegated to the workers' brigade of rock—like Rush, Streetheart and Sags—are now being fitted into another kind of role, that of hard-traveling concertgoers headed for the top. And there is every reason to believe the Canadians won't rust out on the way; they've been built for heavy weather.

Burt Teets

Toughening the velvet underground

One dismissed as the apogee of the people, religion is having its re-emergence in Soviet-dominated countries. In Czechoslovakia, at least, religion is leading people from their slumbers, becoming an underground movement of protest, an ethical and moral standard from which to attack official culture. And it has found a strange ally in rock music, strange to North Americans, that is, who hear religion-flavored rock only when its performers are heretics.

A blending of religion and rock as a subversive force in Czechoslovakia is by no means arbitrary. Both are state-regulated. Since the Soviet invasion of 1968, the most innovative of Czech rock



through tapes that were circulated underground. The state did not take kindly to its self-expression. Private concerts were raided, some fans were arrested and, finally, in March of 1976, members of the band were arrested on a trumped-up charge of "organized disturbance of the peace." Though now out of jail, the band is still harassed. Rather than trying to infiltrate the official culture, a culture that promotes socialist art and rock "Pabian," The Plastic People and similar groups are intent on creating a "second culture," a cultural area that takes the question of freedom right out of the state's hands. And like early Christians, and present-day Czech priests and minis-



Plastic People's Václav Štěrbaň (left), Milan Hlavsa and Jan Kabrýš; Josef Zentgraf, some engaged disturbance of the peace

ters, members of the rock underground are persecuted for their beliefs.

Stripped out without The Plastic People's knowledge, the tape of *The Hushed Pagan* is a moving testament to the faith of the "second culture," which, since it can only talk to itself, often shows more bite and experimental freedom than its Western counterpart. The text, translated by Paul Wilson, a Canadian who played with the band but was expelled from Czechoslovakia, focuses on the social context of Christ's persecution. It is devoid of born-again fervor, of andes mysticism. It simply and directly tells the story of a man whose ideas, a threat to the status quo, were exposed and ridiculed. Members of the band take on different roles, chanting in hark the words of jarring words and the forsaken Christ. Some thing of the darkness and the brutality of a totalitarian state is culminated within the band's ominous jazz-rock sound. And yet, this rock-play comes close to being a kind of exorcism. A phrase like "Let Christ expel all bitterness from me" takes on another significance. It becomes a matter of emotional survival, the name of bitterness shows no signs of giving way. Carole Corbett

of rock bands have been driven underground by regulations requiring them to audition for performing permits—a convenient way to weed out "undesirable" political and artistic tendencies. On March 16, Canadians will be able to hear some of this "undesirable" stuff, when CHFI Stereo's *Civilization Unravels/The Hushed Pagan*. The Plastic People of the Universe's rock version of the Easter passion play.

The Plastic People were refused a permit in 1972 because their music, influenced by cultish bands like The Velvet Underground and Frank Zappa, was said to have a "negative social effect." Undoubtedly, the band continued to play for private gatherings of fans and friends, and built up its audience

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When is it cooler for a kasher family to eat bacon? In *Sault Ste. Marie* in 1935, apparently, on the weekly journey to the Chinese grocery shopkeeper where it is dined into scrumptious unanimity with rice and spouses. Nonetheless, Father and Miss Yauver (Helen Stern and Harvey At-

such earthy charms they're irresistible. The centerpiece of the tripcock, *A House By Any Other Name*, opens with elaborate plans for Stanley Rosen's bar mitzvah, complete with a statue of the big-to-become-a-man carved in chopped chicken bones ("Of course it will be goose," abhors Stanley's mother, Pearl). But it's 1940, and a brick barrel through the window of his tailor shop gives Barney Rosen (Peter



Goodbye, plastic and computerized world. Good morning, elegance

The Four Seasons
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kara try to keep the guilty secret from their 16-year-old son, a smart (and smart-mouthed) punk student who mortgages a future paean for the forbidden ancestry. He finds a prober in the person of Anne (Robin McKenna), a Romanian girl who has been lured out of school for dating an Italian hockey hopeful and found out in the Vancouver area's live-in motel. There she shares a bedroom with young Irving (Alan Lewis)—more innocent days, those—and becomes his collaborator. She tries him up withers of bacon and he sits for her readiness with her father upon

Corbie, Ralph Bakshi and Jack Kim: barbed-wire humor with a clever twist

Bakshi's grove doubts about the wisdom of advertising his family's ancestry. He decides to change his name to Royal, against staunch opposition ("The Royal Family," scoffs Stanley, another budding pianist, and with Deep in his Talmudic studies, Stanley (Jeff Lynard) resolves the crime and proves that, indeed, he is a man and a Jew.

The Chopin Playoffs take Stanley and Irving to 104th and denting, piano—wherever when the racist scholarship will win the love of Fanny (Ella Collins), a scatterbrained shiksa. The lightest of the three dramas, it overlooks character as favor of stage farce, since Neil Simon stuff. But it is hard to be hard on it, even with its broad bench-belt strokes. The confection gives a clever twist to the love of "culture" that motivates everybody in the trilogy. It reminds us that, blinkered and calculating as they so often were, these parents tried to teach their heirs a heritage, and stretched all of sons beyond measure. Bill MacVicar

How to arouse a vestal virgin

THE EMPEROR'S VOICE
By Sylvia Fraser
McClelland and Stewart, \$24.95

The age of Domitian has a lot going for it. The 11th ruler of the Roman Empire had the captive of Caligula embroiled with the charms of Nero. He also had a phobos about Christians long before the World Council of Churches' dreadful work for the thousands of Marxists made that respectable. More importantly, nobody except contemporary writers like the great Jewish agent much time writing about him, certainly not Robert Graves or Mary Renault. Consequently neither Freddy Silverstein nor Alastair Cooke has yet got on to Domitian—he remains an unexcited series.

Upon this untapped era, till to be all to be good, the eye of novelist Sylvia Fraser has landed. After Fraser's last novel, *A Casual Affair*, with its theme of tragedy limited by contemporary sanctions—passion as out-of-laws one-nighters with a married man—here was a society where you got burned alive in

the Field of Ill-Luck for adultery and such. A more ferocious period for tragedy, and certainly for romance. Fraser must have read very widely and worked very hard. The result is a historical romance set in the court of Domitian, embellished with such rich historical detail and full of the love, anguish and cautions that make a well-written historical romance next-to-impossible to put down. Fraser has a deserved best seller as her basis.

The story follows broadly the history of the period. The wretched tyranny of Domitian lived Rome even further into the despair that the rule of Tiberius, Caligula and Nero had brought. Rotten, as they say, knew no bounds. The gamey little swamps of today's survivors in Plato's Republic are pulled naked out to the Roman origins Fraser describes. Against this background she gives us the story of Maximus Meron, the good Roman who on page 3 of the novel christens Coralia, the eldest vestal virgin, ending in white robes in her white chariot. "Where had he seen that face before, not exactly that face?" Read-

ers of the genre know the hero will not rest until he finds his answer in bed.

There is no one pretending that historical romance is the pinnacle of literature. The form has basic shortcomings. Fraser's description of the Plutonian asphixiation remains a leading for modern thoughts and emotions. Unlike historical novels (say those of Sholem Asch), a romance of history does not examine the period for its own sake but uses it as a Hollywood set to play out the love-and-adventure. The romance does not convey a genuine sense of interest or delight in distant times and places. Even when done tastefully, as in Fraser's book, it still remains the decorator's art, not the painter's.

But, despite its limitations, the genre is not to be sneezed at. It is a seriously more worthwhile to do romances well than to produce fifth-rate Proust, the specialty of many of our "literary" magazine writers. In this book Fraser is honest and worklike. She may not tell you much about the spirit of Rome, but quite a bit about what happens to an aroused vestal virgin. Some of us are not ashamed to admit that we would like to know. Get out your checkbooks and have a good time. Barbara Amiel

Fraser: buried alive for adultery and such



A rare look back over the wall

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAR SWITCH THE
DARK THING GO!
By Jack Cahill
McClelland and Stewart, \$19.95

The British, for years the most visible foreign correspondents in the Balkans, will not sit there in the field, disoriented, and wear creatures most of them, like characters out of Graham Greene or John Le Carré. In recent decades much of their thunder has been stolen by efficient Japanese, who have followed from Agence France Presse and, for some reason, a great many good and no-nonsense Austrians like Jack Cahill of the Toronto Star. Throughout the long and late co-existence there, Cahill was the Star's man in Asia (a reporter-to-people role of 1:3 b/b/b/b). He was not always the most analytical of best eds (though "Foreign press devil" but by God he got the goods. He was one of the last out of Du Ngang and later Saigon. Later still, and somewhat incongruously, he found himself, by reason of his status as a

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Carli to local person: human vegetables

"wild-country natural," among the earliest of the book people. Yet there was more there than met the reader's eye. One shouldn't be put off by the happy title or clumsy editing of this memoir. Carli may grandly rise (in a probably toward the end of the game). But there's a lot of great insight, important information and more compassion to be had from this book. The companion is especially arresting.

Covering the Vietnam War was the trying to break post teeth in a day-house mirror. Everyone was in control and yet no one was. Saigon was a bizarre mix of love-hate, greed, corruption, anti-sweat beggars and sea men coming each other—a city that had seduced the French and almost ruined the Americans (and) was one day corrupt even the Communists' Perspective was the nearest commodity. Nam finally got to Carli, as it did so many others, that the whole artificial superstructure began collapsing.

For a generation the North Vietnamese had failed the efforts of ultracynical technocrats who thought they could spend their way out of the war as out of any other management problem. Then, in a period of weeks early in 1975, they began the formal push south. On the second last place from Da Nang, Carli watched disgusted as South Vietnam's toughest soldiers, the Mac Bo, scrambled aboard at the expense of thousands of the civilians everyone was supposed to be fighting for. "They were sucking. They didn't talk to each other or as 'They looked at the floor...' There was no light left in the Black Panthers this day... They had gone from heroes to animals and now they were vegetables."

The scene was repeated in apodes in Saigon itself, that infamous morning on the American embassy roof. This time it was the Americans cutting their losses, looting and tear-gassing those who had worked for them and faced near certain death at the hands of the new bosses. Carli found himself for a few of the wrong side of this process of eventual selection. Before getting to the chapter he got what so few correspondents in that war ever came up with—some genuine feeling for the plight of the Vietnamese rank and file. Thousands were trying to fight their way into space enough for dozens or hundreds. "Once we moved into that nothing mass we ceased to be correspondents. We were only men fighting for our lives, searching, fleeing, pushing even closer to that wall... Now, I thought, I know what it's like to be a Vietnamese. I am one of them. But if I could get over the wall I would be American again."

This is a good and important book. Carli's style may lack delicate texture. But the plain talk makes it all the more powerful when he recounts such scenes or the plain barbaric brutality of Cambodia or even when he discusses the theory and practice of the correspondent's job. Ripping was right, the jungle is full of the bones of white men who thought they could handle the East. The whole story is one great, and strong compound of so many others—including the fact that, because of the way the system is structured, Carli at the time never got stuff this good into the paper.

Doc Fetherling

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

- 1 The Devil's Alternative, Forsyth (2)
- 2 Sunday's People, Le Carré (1)
- 3 Life Before Him, Almond (6)
- 4 Princess Daisy, Knefel (4)
- 5 The Last Encantment, Stewart (6)
- 6 The Top of the Hill, Shaw (3)
- 7 A Night of a Woman's Lady, LaMarch (12)
- 8 Spirit Wrestler, Houston
- 9 Telenovela, Schenker/Woods
- 10 Problems and Other Stories, Updike

NONFICTION

- 1 And We Were Singing, Mowat (1)
- 2 The Fourth Man, Boyle (2)
- 3 The Blue-Eyed Shrike, Foster (4)
- 4 The Outlaw Report on China, Delaney (2)
- 5 The Great Lakes, Woodrow/H. Armstrong (2)
- 6 And Even's Cape Rock, Richmond (6)
- 7 Chameleon Chameleon, Sweeney
- 8 James Hankel's Yorkshire, Herriot (6)
- 9 How to Invest Your Money and Profit From Inflation, Shuman (12)
- 10 White House Years, Kissinger (6)

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To save 20th-century man—a lunatic consumer critic

SIMON

Directed by Marshall Brickman

Good satire always keeps a safe and healthy distance. In *Being There*, Charles the gardener looked askance at contemporary society from the only perspective he knew: television. In Marshall Brickman's first and utterly nutty film, *Simon*, the world is viewed from a stiffer dramatic dis-

stance as an orphaned, witty college professor named Simon Mendelsohn (Alan Arkin) is transported by a bunch of bored and brilliant scientists into being his first from outer space. What with his head-up, as it were, Simon could easily have been called From There. The movie's like a perfect date—it's very clever, terrific to look at and leaves you smiling.

Very subtly *Simon* addresses itself to North America's No. 1 disease: boredom. The scientists who brainwash Simon (by depriving him of sensation for hours on end) needle him with the words of the Institute for Advanced Concepts. Disoriented with their grandiose pursuit of saving the world, for which they have been granted unlimited funds, they decide to end their ritual by having some fun in fooling an alien upon a general public ready to believe anything. They decide on "Full

Bored scientists (from left) Wallace Shawn, William Finley, Penelope and Adam, unleashing a search, not a Martin



The truth is a hat, or it could be

At a party given at a posh Upper East Side address the night before his first film, *Simon* opened in New York. Marshall Brickman looked absolutely anonymous in his plain khaki shirt and tie. The next day over lunch he speaks rather softly and appears considerably bewildered about the fate of the film. A nice, bright Jewish boy (used in Brooklyn), with a wife and a nice child, he seems a paragon of low-key amiability and steady. Yet this is the same man who wrote in a humor piece for *The New Yorker*: "The truth is a hit."

So like Brickman's lame, erstwhile, upon his work with Woody Allen on the screenplay of *Stripes*, *Anne Hall* and *Married Men*. Things have been going quite well, which, according to the laws of Brickman's comic logic, means something is bound to go wrong. Is anyone checking to see if they're losing the movie, upside down? "I'm sure a butcher's shop will turn in with the figure for the first performance. The figure is good, not at all placed. Brickman suggests that they're out of court of minor citizens with golden age cards who always go on the first day performance."

Simon needs for \$4 million ("enough for lunch in New York") is the first movie he has directed and written by himself, and is the turning point in a career that has inco-



Brickman, Allen, music, pizza and women

verted everything from gag writing for *The Tonight Show* to playing bongo for a talk group called the Tamers. The question on the minds of many is how much Brickman was responsible for the success of the Woody Allen films—is he the chicken or the egg? Brickman's shoulders droop into a shrug: "Who can tell? All he knows is that he

made "Simon." Modern science, even the crackpots with superbly serious sense, assumes a possibility is immediately a possibility: one of the members of the "think tank" is quite serious about crossbreeding a cockroach with a human for greater "adaptability." Outside the realm of science, as Simon finds out, people will do anything to avoid boredom, even to the point of enjoying it. Otherwise there would be no such thing as television. When Simon escapes from the institute with his girl-friend (Judy Grunberg), who keeps insisting to him that he's a messiah and not a Martian, he winds up at a restaurant where the "sacred lion" is worshipped with biblical fervor. "Milk who begot Lary who begot Mary who spun off Rhoda..." Simon takes a child there in "40 days into your heart and tell me what is the most wonderful thing in the world?" Not missing a beat, the blithely replies, "Dues."

As directing debuts go, Brickman's is deft and neat. His previous work—collaborations with Woody Allen on the scripts of *Stripes*, *Anne Hall* and *Married Men*—doesn't prepare one for the striking and clear visual style—Stanley Kubrick, but telling jokes. Though uncomfortable close to *Stripes* in concept, *Simon* is lower and funnier, and it has a unique, edgy taste. Long before making so many li-corns that it seems to say the only moral option for modern man is total voluntary disarmament. How else can you fight TV, trains in elevators, lawyers and people who say "don't invade my space." "When Simon looks into the three major networks to address the nation, you're with him."

Simon is a masterpiece of wit, exquisitely voiced—like an extended New Yorker humor piece. A large, respected named Doria (the name of Louis L'Amour) is the stage of a Princeton telephone, who flies her credits around, given credence to the notion that Gad is really an executive secretary, very eff-

and Allen share an interest in pizza and women. The truth is, the case might well be a bombom.

Opinion on *Simon* varies. "Marshall," says Judy Grunberg who plays Alan Arkin's girlfriend in *Simon*, "is not your ordinary Jewish director." Charles Joffe, co-producer of the recent Allen films *Real Genius* and *Brickman* and Allen together. "They're both individual and noble both sides. Both shy. Brickman will only say mysteriously 'I'm not Pollyanna.' But he's a serious about making movies and that Stanley Kubrick as a movie influence. When I suggested to him that Simon's release date was 'Ridiculous' as a date you could sit your dinner off it, he replied, 'I hope to be sitting my dinner off it.' Soon the hat will out."

LOT.

can't be hard to get to know. A gay guy, one of the scientists that mind the scientists having 100 points in 10 seconds. The performances are all pleasant, from Austin Pendleton with his expressive overtones as the head honcho at the institute to Madeline Kahn as a feisty, angry piece of brain who has published a *History of God* for Theodyssey and who says that seducing Simon has nothing to do with her psychoanalytic approach, rather, "something I do with my tongue."

As Simon, Alan Arkin looks like George Clooney in one of Talia Shire's

walker hair and has the aspect of an enlightened socialist—the Marxist an impressioned consumer critic. Arkin does his best work in ages, notably in a brilliant mime sequence where he goes through the entire evolutionary cycle, from primate through biped, at the end of which it pops into his head that he's a toaster. The attempts at wit don't always hit and Brickman doesn't always have a handle on the tone but *Simon*, person and movie, is a sweet surprise. When he and it wing in from out there it's enough to sit back, smile in a knot.

Lawrence O'Toole

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Column

Don't shoot the messengers! We didn't do Joe Clark in

By Alan Fotheringham

The affairs are alive with the sound of weapons. Pick up any newspaper—the editor section is the country and there are all these fascinating Tories, strutting in their own jinks, having discovered the reason their Quebec of the affluence fell on his own lance several weeks back. The reason, remember, has been revealed. It is all because a clutch of nasty concentrations, mainly armed with typewriters, did a number on poor, young Joe, and a shivering nation, nervously falling into line, marched obediently to the polling booth and voted the way your favorite columnist dictated.

Oh what lies! What subterfuge! What a contrived escape route. For the size and stigmata of the Tories, look not inward but at the scapegoat—the all-powerful press that decides elections and tops with the fate of the nation. Nationalization is a great art form. The present Conservative party sword-gazing, contemplating the dilemma of the press rather than the reality, is a rather pitiful spectacle to behold.

It is all deeply puzzling, this revealing of the facts of politics through the wrong end of the telescope, because there has probably never been a time when the press was so powerful in its ability to affect elections. Every major English-language newspaper in Canada, with the exception of the Toronto Star, backed Joe Clark and the Conservative party in this election. Practically every single broadcaster on the radio paid tribute, not to mention the newspapers, was openly over-the-top of the cynical, making Liberal campaign runs by Pierre Trudeau and his packagers. Little good that did anyone. The voters went their own blissful way, as always, and did what they were going to do in the first place.

The shaming myth that the powerful press (and powerful press personalities) Alan Fotheringham is a columnist for the *FP News Service*.

somehow hold away over a simple-minded electorate is one of the astonishing fairy tales of our time. The belief that a 10-minute dossier, arrived at over the press club bar, can affect in the remotest way the polling booth is the thrust-rocketed reform, the latest blarney, of the executive Tory party. In 1974 the newspaper proprietors of the land, in their infinite wisdom, stood shoulder to intellectual shoulder in support of the dignified (to the point of petrifica-



tion) Robert Stanfield. We know what happened to him—decided to brush his days wandering the sands of Arabia.

There are examples clattering the landscapes of history. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the raging punk of his time according to neo-rightist traditionalists, was vehemently denounced for four elections by 25 per cent of the American press—owned by good Republican owners. For four terms he laughed his way to the ballot box. W.A.C. Bennett, the shrewd old codger, for 20 years in power courted the enmity of the four daily papers of Vancouver and Victoria. It was, he explained, the flying a kite. You can't fly a kite in dead air. You had to have the wind going against you. For a politician to succeed, he explained with a delicious chuckle, you had to have the freighting press against you.

The delusion, so beloved by the free-traded and far-sighted Tories, that the press can make or break a politician, is a heavy hangover from those days when press magnates were shamelessly parti-

san and a public could get its information and views from practically only one source. But one of the funny things about modern journalism is that the increasing concentration of ownership has not—unlike other industries—been accompanied by increasing power.

It may help the profits and the orderly balance sheet, but it doesn't reform the public demon-making process one iota. They want it and then do what they were going to do anyway. The days when a single journalist could swing or sway votes, as Watchdog Pegler, a Drew Pearson, a John Dugas, went out with Rudy Vallee. I think to reform you, but journalism these days is one big service industry. Any readership survey will show you that the subscribers with the hogging ratings these days are the ones who tell you how to change your own lives or where to find missing kids. Ann Landers, with her snail-mail-and-magazine formula, tops the pollsters every single day. To suggest that one Canadian columnist (who voted four different ways on Feb. 18) can overthrow—or sway—a vote is highly flattering but, in truth, a vast insult to the body politic. The system, she just didn't work that way.

Of more importance is what this currently popular myth reveals about the Tory party. It is a rotten problem—and will continue to have—with the public perception of Joe Clark as a man capable of sitting in the prime minister's chair. The press didn't create those doubts. It only reflected them. The party, of course, would rather not face up to the serious consequences of the fact that it may have made a big mistake in its compromise choice back in 1976.

One of the odd things about the Tories of 1980, a professional, full-time Opposition party which could benefit Canada by being in power for a good stretch, is that it persists in this futile belief that it was defeated Feb. 18 because of a few many critics. Oh Lord, if only we had the power sacrificed to us.



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